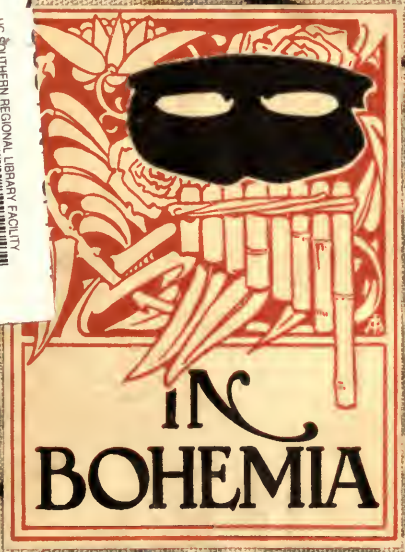


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In Bohemia


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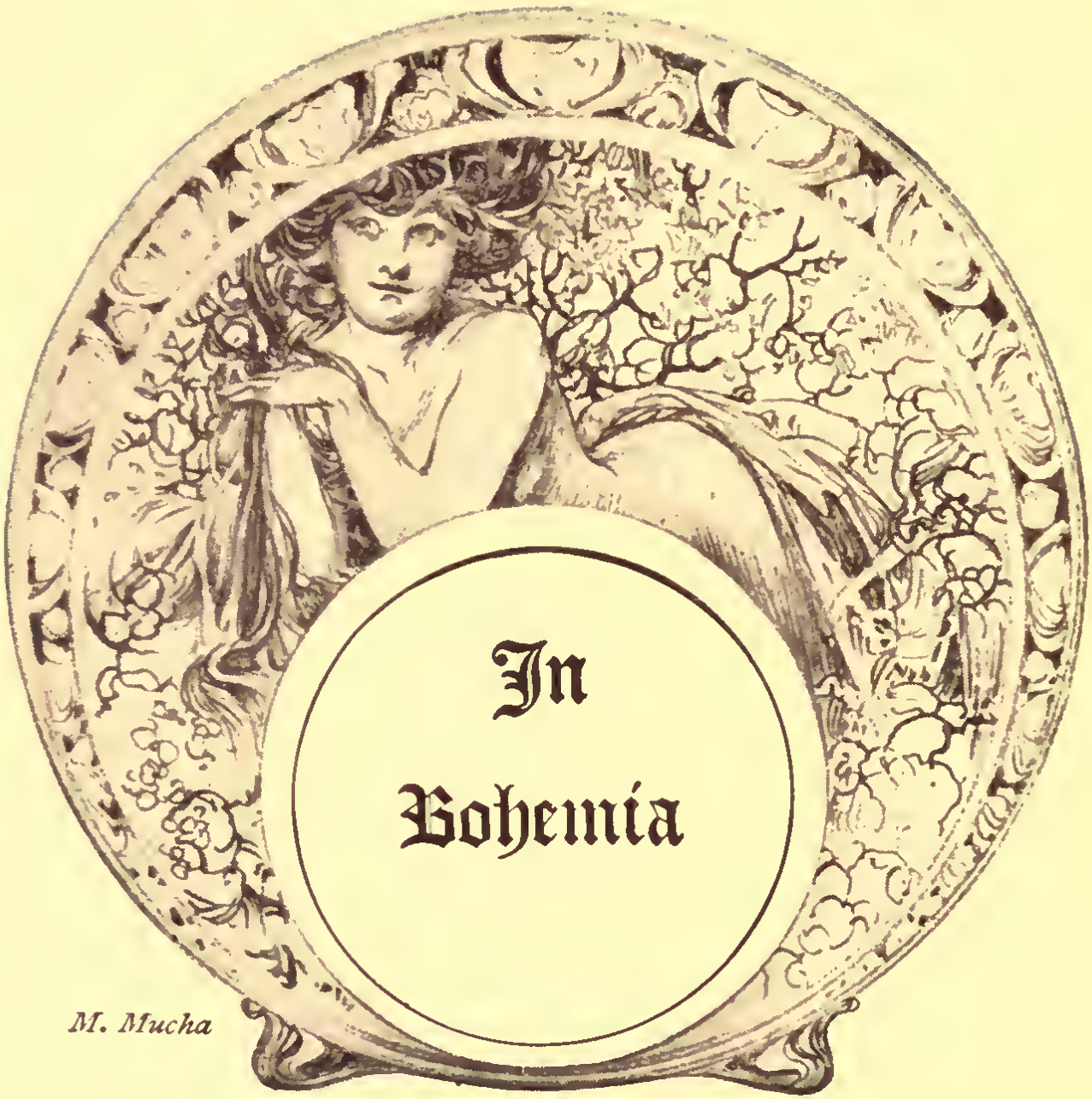
IN BOHEMIA

by

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OUTCAULT & Others

H·M·CALDWELL CO·
New York - Boston



In Bohemia

M. Mucha

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DEDICATION



O you whose footsteps, long before my own,
Have trod Bohemia's paths and found them fair,
To you whose souls shall find them free from care,
Long after my contented soul has flown,
But, more than all, to you whose lives have grown
Close knit to mine, its grief and joy to share,
Whose smiles made light the burdens all must bear,
And never yet, for bread have given a stone.

To you I may inscribe what here is writ
Of knights Bohemian, in the pleasant past,

DEDICATION

With hopes for repetition near at hand.
If aught is cribbed, what scribe will kick a bit,
To read again of hours too sweet to last?
On common ground, Bohemia's children stand.

J. C. H.



INTRODUCTION

OHEMIA is not a place. It is an atmosphere. It is as subtle as electricity and as changeable as a woman's smile. It may exist at the banquets of the opulent, or it may flourish at the table d'hote of the comparatively poverty-stricken, for we are only rich or poor by comparison.

You may find it to-night where corks are popping and not counted, and to-morrow, like the smoke of yesterday's cigar, it has floated away.

Even in the Quartier Latin of Paris, where it is supposed to reach its perihelion, you may seek for it in vain, for there are those who mistake rudeness, soiled linen of table or person, sour wine and a loosely tied neckerchief for Bohemianism.

They want to be known as Bohemians, and

the eagerness to be known defeats their purpose.

As mighty Mars sprang, full-statured and full-armoured in an hour from the head of Minerva, so Bohemia suddenly springs to life when least expected in the most unforeseen surroundings.

Bohemia is not synonymous with license, nor intoxication, nor immorality, but it learns to look upon the foibles of fate and the powers of chance with a philosophic eye.

Where there is a saturation of the air with mixed intelligences, where genius, talent, ability, and appreciation fill with magnetic receptivity the hearts and minds and souls of men and women, and where breadth of thought and the sincerity of the hour stamp vivid pictures upon the page of memory, there is Bohemia.

Bohemia is not ostentatious. It is unconscious. Here and there little Bohemias spring into being, through the natural cohesion of congenial spirits, and the unconsciousness of it all charms and stimulates.

But, man is a social animal, and he loves to bring others to browse where fields green and pastures new have been discovered. So, gradually those who take in, but do not give out, creep in, ostentation rears its hydra head, the lute is rift, and the notes no longer ring true. Then the true spirit of Bohemianism flies out at the window.

There are as many grades in Bohemia as there are shades of purple. There isn't much royal purple.

It is a sure sign that Bohemian atmosphere is creeping in when it becomes necessary to engage your dinner or supper table ahead of the hour. Where it exists, there will the hunters for pleasure congregate. All classes love its mysterious, revivifying touch, no matter how strenuously they may deny any familiarity with it. They may say that they go to look on, but ere they are aware their names are in the cast.

The abandonment of youth at sixteen or sixty, and even the exhilaration of wine, bring only lenient smiles in Bohemia, if its king is

on the throne untrammelled by self-appointed prime ministers.

The manufactured Bohemian is an impossibility. The true Bohemian is the child of Nature and Human Nature.

These pages are intended to reflect and radiate, simply, a few of the million atmospheres in a reminiscent way.

Here and there, a line or a rhyme or an incident will recall some similar experience, and, in living it over again, the reader will thank the publisher for reawakened delight.

That's all.





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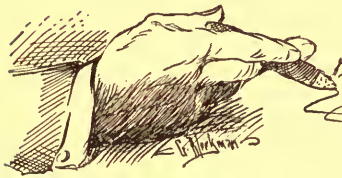
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In Bohemia



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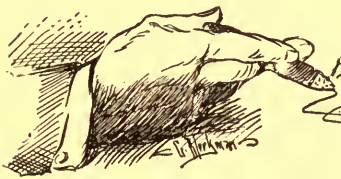
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Cocktails

WHEN, with a friend, you
share your cup
of wine,

The senses five
unite, in joy di-
vine.

The sense of
sight, within the
depths so dim,

The sense of
hearing, in the
clink or rim.

The sense of
touch, that trem-
bles on the lips,

The sense of
taste, in count-
less little sips.

The sense of
smell, as through
the rich bouquet,

You pledge long
life and health
for many a day.



"I'd rather live in Bohemia than any other land"

IN BOHEMIA



WHAT IS BOHEMIA?

What is Bohemia? 'Tis the mystic land,
Where kindred souls can grasp the friendly hand,
Where business cares, like flitting shadows pass
And disappear above the social glass,
Where doubts and fears, that all our pleasures mar,
Float off in clouds of smoke from your cigar.
It is a realm where every man is king
And friendship's smile a princely offering.
This is Bohemia, where your differences end
And life begins anew as friend to friend.

IN BOHEMIA

"I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land,"
So spake the soul of the poet, with the touch of a master hand.
The dear, old, white-haired singer is at rest beneath the sod,
But that which was best and brightest, his song soul, now with God,
Can never die in Bohemia, for he laid before her shrine,
A wreath of rhyme immortal, with the burst of a thought divine.
He linked all the past and present in a glorious to-day,
And warm hearts beating truly, he crowned with a wreath of bay.
And for us who knew him and loved him, what else is there left to do,
But to stand here to-night in Bohemia, and swear that his words rang true?

This is the real Bohemia, where a bit of pasteboard white,

IN BOHEMIA

And — a name — is enough to gather the friends that you see to-night.
This is the real Bohemia, where a joke must have its point,
And a jest that is only vulgar means a man's nose out of joint.
The vagabonds of Bohemia we recognize as we should,
But they dare not cross these portals till the vagabonds make good.

Wealth is a thing we covet, Fame is a thing to prize,
Pride is a sovereign master, when it shines from beauty's eyes;
Love and the dreams of passion, through life must play their parts,
But the golden glow of Bohemia is the Sun, that warms our hearts.
There are those who say Bohemia is not what the poet sings,
That Bohemia's ten commandments are fragile, delicate things.

IN BOHEMIA

They speak of the ten commandments, their cold eyes fixed on heaven,
But it isn't of ten they're thinking; it's only number seven.
Well, what if the touch of passion shall colour the cheek of snow!
Who are they that cry "unholy," and who will the first stone throw?
Poet and sage and prophet have never failed to sing
The truth of the ancient axiom that "Youth must have its fling."
One said of old, to a woman: "Depart and sin no more,"
But his chosen friend King Solomon had a thousand wives or more.
And it isn't upon the records that he ever had to atone,
And if sin it be for the woman, why the man can't sin alone.
And so Bohemia teaches that Nature's gift to man,
Is a set of brains and some passions. You must balance them if you can.

IN BOHEMIA

And I tell you Bohemia's pendulum is a thing
that swingeth wide.
It may touch heaven in the morning and hell
at eventide.
But pain is the price of pleasure. You must
pay a tear for a smile.
God save us from shallow natures who are
happy all the while.

The glance of the eye that thrills us, the clasp
of the hand that cheers,
The ring of the voice that charms us, the swift
smile that endears,
The bringing of kindred spirits, be they beg-
gars, priests, or kings,
To stand on a common footing is the gift
Bohemia brings.

And the spirits that rule Bohemia, the hours
of happiness through,
Ask not for your birth or title, but only:
"What can you do?"
And it all depends on your answer, if your
words ring fair and true,

IN BOHEMIA

As you stand at the gate of Bohemia, if the
questioner lets you through.

And once inside of Bohemia, what hope ye
there to find?
Not only those who can listen when bright
mind answers mind,
But those who can thrill your senses and lift
you to the skies
On the wings of song till you enter the gates
of Paradise.
For vassal and king in Bohemia have natures
strangely blent,
Where God-given gifts are plenty and the
greatest — Temperament.

And they who are blessed of heaven with its
only foretaste here
Are swayed by the wings of Fancy and sub-
ject to atmosphere,
Reflecting the moods of the moment of joy
or sorrow or pain,
But ever the smile to cheer you like the sun-
shine after the rain.

IN BOHEMIA

That's why I love Bohemia, where the masks
are laid aside,
And a warm heart beating truly is never a
thing to deride.
"Oh! I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any
other land."
I'd rather be poor in Bohemia than rich in a
palace grand,
Apart from the friends that love us and reckon
us at our worth —
I tell you, boys, Bohemia — is the only place
on earth.



THE BOHEMIAN

It is not easy to recognize the true Bohemian at a glance.

Just when you have satisfied yourself that a particular set of characteristics in some one personality fills the bill, he falls down in some prime essential, and you must relight your lantern, bail out your tub, and start your search anew.

He is as difficult to locate as "The Man About Town," who was something between a rounder and a club-man, who vacillated between a Fifth Avenue reception and a Bowery boxing bout, who didn't belong to the Lotus Club, nor was he a leading spirit in Chuck Connor's Sunday Fishing Excursions, but of everything intermediate he knew all.

He will give his seat in a crowded car to an old mammy, tired with her day's washing,

quicker than to a pink face, topped by copper-coloured curls, topped again by a picture hat, and still again by a bird whose spreading wings suggest that the wearer ought to pay two fares to be comfortable.

A young English Bohemian defined his position unconsciously in a comment on fashions in dress. He said:

"I fail to recognize the necessity, don' cher know, for giving so much time and suffering, so much annoyance, in the matter of deciding upon the proper suit. I'm sure I get along very nicely with only my pyjamas and evening dress."

The Man About Town works when he has to, but the Bohemian works when he wants to, and adapts his life to the consequent revenue.

One of the many types is a hard-working, honey-making bee as long as the daylight lasts, but as soon as he feels the refractions and reflections of the White Lane's incandescence upon his broad expanse of shirt front, his character changes, and the peace-loving

citizen of the day becomes the Bohemian of the night, looking for trouble, and ready to pawn his watch for the needful and ready to loan the needful to the needy.

Still another type is modest and retiring until a wicker-covered Chianti bottle and a steaming dish of spaghetti loom in the foreground. Then he bursts into song that is not music, nods familiarly to everybody in sight, and offers to send all the patrons of the restaurant home in cabs at his expense.

The usual Bohemian, worthy of the name, acquires what might be called a "graceful gift of gab," if it has not fallen to him by inheritance, for there is no place in the world where a man is more apt to be called upon for impromptu remarks than in Bohemia, and woe to the man who fails to make good, whether it be at the tables of the Upper Ten or the feeding-grounds of the lower ten thousand.

The lack of a flow of words is forgiven, however, if you can "do something." Painting, sculpture, poesy — poor poesy — without

the exclamation point, suffer, oh! how they suffer, that Bohemia may cry proudly:

"He sculps," "Great painter," or, with the usual pitying smile and lifting of the eyebrows: "Poet! — But!"

If the clay and the palette and the gift of speech fail, there is still hope for some of the strugglers. Fortune may have left bags of gold at his gates, and then he "entertains."

But, after all, the true Bohemian is as elusive as the finale to Frank Stockton's "Lady or the Tiger," for just when you think the chain of your reasoning is complete and you have located him, a link in your logic slips, and you must scour Bohemia again to find the genuine article.

But, fortunately, the labour we delight in, physics pain.



THE MORNING AFTER

The waltz, the wine, the whispered words that thrill,
The shadowed nooks in a conservatory,
A dozen dances, quite ignored, until
His lips could frame anew the old, old story.
The orchids droop, the violets breathe their last,
The atmosphere about them getting torrid —

IN BOHEMIA

When love is sweet, what makes flowers fade so fast?
The dance is done; 'tis nearly morn —
"How horrid!"

When from the arms of sleep dear dreams arise,
Enfolded soft in daintiest, filmiest laces —
Fond angels, drifted out of Paradise,
Whence come those little frowns upon their faces?
Justine, the maid, might question, with a sigh,
"Where is the usual smile and rippling laughter?"
An angel's voice might, brusquely, make reply,
"Ah, woe is me! it is the Morning After."

The sunbeams tiptoe in to kiss her hair;
On cheek and chin the sunshine loves to linger;
The whispering South-wind murmurs, "She is fair!" —
She does not care the tip of one small finger,
For she has found a snowy little hair,
And stilled, alas! is all her song and laughter;

That silver record of a happier care
 Upsets the whole wide world — The Morning After.

What knows the peach that ripens in the sun,
 The kisses of the leaves about her scorning,
Of how the restless race of life is run?
 What does she know about a real Next Morning?
One flake of snow does not a Winter make;
 A woman's life is full of moods and tenses;
When dreams are shattered, hearts should never break,
 But cherish them as sweet experiences.

The Morning After! Then the mirror shows,
 By little starts and swiftly fleeting flushes,
That memory is at work. The mirror knows
 They are but echoes, dear, of last night's blushes.
But then the angel empties out her heart,
 Of all its pleading, coaxing, sighing tenants;
Hangs up a sign: "No rooms to let, within,"
 And all the men — save one — do nine days' penance.

Huîtres



On the Half



"Pearl"

PEARL AND THE OYSTER

Her name wasn't really "Pearl." It was only a pet name, but a few of us knew that she "was educated beautiful" and "her father's house in Vermont was just grand," and when her "father's friend" came up there from New York — well — "What's the use o' tears, anyhow?"

Pearl was a brilliant conversationalist, even if it was overburdened with vernacular. She was frank and confiding. Why, she used to wear a white feather boa, after she bleached her hair, and when some one tried to compliment her, saying:

"Do you know, Pearl, I think only a blonde should wear a white boa."

She answered:

"I have just as much trouble keeping this boa white as I do keeping my hair blonde."

She didn't hesitate to express herself even

if there were strangers at the table. I heard her say one night:

"I'm tired of being footed under the table by some one who thinks a cheap dinner entitles him to uncalled-for demonstrations. I want my emotions stirred, of course. Everybody does. I want to be taken off my feet once in awhile. I want to meet a man who isn't afraid to take me by the shoulders and shake me and say: 'You she-devil! You madden me!' and then I'll dress in red for him."

I was there at the table d'hote the night she broke her pivot tooth on a pearl in the oyster.

I don't know how she happened to be eating oysters that night, for she was the girl who said:

"I'm awfully glad I don't like oysters."

Somebody said:

"Why?"

"Because," she said, "if I liked 'em I'd eat 'em, and I hate 'em."

She yelled a delicious little "Oh!" when she bit the pearl and covered her mouth, a very pretty mouth, with her napkin.

And when she cried:

"Why! It's a pearl!" everybody in the place knew about it, especially the proprietor.

We never had liked him personally, and we liked him less when he claimed the pearl.

But Pearl's cavalier that evening was a lawyer, and the argument waxed delicious.

The proprietor claimed the usual privilege of charging extra for things taken away from the table, but the lawyer argued that he had bought the oyster and all that pertained to it, and could throw it away if he chose to.

Then the proprietor said that he had sold only the edible qualities of the oyster, and that Cleopatra was the only one who ever claimed that pearls were really a feature of any first-class menu. To this the lawyer replied that Cleopatra's pearl, being among the potations and not considered edible, the cases were not parallel.

Then the proprietor maintained that the pearl was a part of the shell and as such was his, since custom had decreed that the shell of the oyster was usually left behind.

Then Pearl herself spoke up and said that everything on the plate was hers, and if she chose to eat the shells it was her privilege.

An auctioneer across the table said:

"Excuse me for butting in, but we have a sort of a formula which goes on the block that all goods sold are sold 'as is.' And that oyster was sold 'as is,'" said the auctioneer, "and don't you give it up. The laws will sustain you."

Then a little joker interfered and said:

"Why, don't you know the story of the man who found a pants button in the hash and remonstrated, and the waiter asked him what he was kicking about, and asked if he expected to find a silk umbrella?"

And the joker continued:

"There isn't a line in the story that would lead any one to believe that the waiter demanded the button."

The lawyer took up the argument again and claimed that the pearl was a by-product of the oyster just as the button was a by-product of the hash, and maintained that the

brewer who buys barley to make beer is entitled to whatever by-products may come from the mash after the barley has performed its functions.

When the pearl was valued at seven hundred dollars, the proprietor was the maddest man I ever saw.

I'm not sure that Pearl sold it, but her flat is just as cozy as it can be, and the lawyer certainly won her respect by the way he argued her side for her.



ART, FIN DE SIÈCLE

Perspective lines are out of date.
A compass and a scroll,
A bit of chalk, a schoolboy's slate,
A man without a soul,
Are all that modern art requires,
As you can plainly see.
All rules are fudge. No man can judge
How this or that should be.

The hungry artist starves to prove
The genius of effect,
As swift he moves along the grooves
Of canonized elect.
A sweep! A swish! A swash of ink!
A wild erratic line!
A dot! A dash! and like a flash,
Behold! High art, divine!

RECTOR'S AFTER THE PLAY

Rector's after the play is supposed to be a very naughty place to go, but the evening passes with the utmost decorum, and there is usually more hullabaloo at a family table.

Nothing is said audibly that can bring the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty; of course there are little whisperings at the side tables, but when youth is having its fling it will whisper anywhere. So, you see, it isn't what is said and done at Rector's that makes it naughty, it is the fact that people go there at that time who have ultra Bohemian tendencies when they are not there.

Could you pick up snatches of the conversation at the various tables it would run something like this:

"You don't mean to tell me they have quarrelled again?"

"Quarrelled? Why, he struck her in a fit of jealousy."

"Well, I can tell you that no man would ever strike me but once."

Or, at another table:

"Well! you saw the Victoria she drives yourself, and if you think she has saved that out of her alimony, you are mistaken."

"But who is it?"

"Well, I was told that when she went to Monte Carlo last summer—" and so the cat is out of the bag at that table.

If you are good and go to Rector's it is overlooked. If you are bad and go there, they overlook you.

Rector's after the play is not unlike d'Armenoville in the Bois de Boulogne of an afternoon. Pretty but not punctilious girls in profusion, and stunning gowns.

The fascination of the place is in guessing who paid for them, and after you have guessed it, you have another guess as to how long he will pay for them. That is more difficult. Oh, yes! Plenty of good people go there, too. I go there myself!

Potage



In the Soup



"You are now ripe for fluffy skirts"

HUNGARIAN GOULASH ON THE EAST SIDE

"The Scum of the Earth!" you think and say, as a pig-tailed child treads on your toes in a wild endeavour to reach "Home" in a game of hop-scotch on the East Side. But, two generations later, that "scum" changes its name and becomes "The Upper Crust."

You dive under a brown stone flight of steps and a motherly girl in pink silk beseeches you to "Come and play in her yard." She implores you to join in the chorus, for the more enthusiasm she can stir up the longer her engagement lasts. A very thin soup is placed before you with a pea, two beans, and a hint at a carrot hurdling over a noodle in the translucent depths. But the soup has flavour, and you begin to take notice as you smile because the others around you are doing it for the same reasons.

Opposite you, eating in a Hungarian way, is a man who certainly must be an orchestra leader, for knife, spoon, and fork, all testify as he gracefully stabs whatever he needs next among the eatables. He is out of work or he would be at work at this hour. Over there is a German brewer, self-satisfied and contented. No doubt it is his beer which the placards on the wall advertise, and the proprietor is not behind in his accounts, for the brewer jollies him. At another small table in the corner is a stenographer, or a "Hello" girl with her beau, and their elbows touch across the table. Drop your napkin, and as you pick it up, glance over and you will see that their toes touch under the table. Love's young dream always wants to touch toes under the table. Some never get over the habit. Scattered about the place, the European element dominates. When the waiter is near, you feel like a boor. He is so princely. The waiters all click their heels like German officers. Maybe they have been German officers,

for when you raise your finger, they stand at "Attention" magnificently.

The orchestra perspires at its work. Whatever may fail on the menu or seem scant, the musicians give full measure. Effort, volume, and intensity are all there. They have played those pieces a million times, but they stare the notes out of countenance to prove their devotion to art.

After the soup, you draw mysterious little dishes that bewilder you, but leave a charm.

By the time you get to the roast, it is eight o'clock and the evening is in its prime. Everybody seems to love everybody else, thanks to the heavy Hungarian wines or the beer of the brewer, who is certainly proving his faith in his own works. If he is paying full rates, it is a fine night for the restaurant. The wines flow freely, too, and the names on the labels suggest a Russo-Japanese battle-field.

A massive creature, with an expanse of shirt front which might accommodate a map of the world, steps upon the little stage. In your mind's eye you picture the great, heavy bass

notes which will roll out to greet you, and you curl your legs around the legs of your chair for the onslaught. But, no, out pours a tender love-song in a tenor voice that is almost a falsetto, and you hate him and want to hit him, and you say:

"Where was he during the subway strike?"

You have reached a point where you adore the goulash. You seek the proprietor's hand and hold it while he tells you stories of his boyhood, and how he became what he now is on that self-same goulash, prepared after the same recipe used — God rest her soul — by one now dead. You are ready to drop a tear for the wife or the mother, under the weeping willow in that far-off land, when a commanding voice from a buxom bosom cries "Isidore!" and he not only hastens but hurries. Only a wife could say "Isidore" like that, and a wife who knew her business, too. The goulash recipe is hers. You are now ripe for fluffy skirts. You are not shocked to notice that the lady on the stage wears only one garter. She does not really strive to show

you that there is a hiatus between underskirt and stocking, but it reveals itself unconsciously, and you do not hear the words she sings, you are so busy wondering if she knows what you know. She does. That hiatus has set the ball rolling. Conversation develops between the audience and the stage. The "Artistes" get familiar with the congregation. Repartee is not on the programme, but you know now why they dared make the soup so thin. It is this running fire of comment that brings the people here. When it first began you were rather disposed to say:

"How unnecessary!"

But the first thing you know, something strikes you as witty, and you say it aloud. It gets a laugh, and you think out a better one, and the second effort falls down. It was premeditated, and nothing premeditated goes.

When you come out, you remember goulash, enthusiasm, pink skirts, and a hiatus, but you forget whether the German brewer had been a leader of an orchestra, or whether the Hungarian had deserted from the German army.

It was one or the other. But you insist that the proprietor shall give you a whole lot of his cards, you have such heaps of friends who will be crazy to come there when you tell them about it. He hunts up three, two soiled and one clean one. He is a "nice fellow."

You are going there always, once a week, anyway — sure! But you never go back. Why? Why, because there are a thousand places just like it lurking at every by-path on the East Side, and why go there again when variety is the spice of life?





WHEN MABEL POURS THE TEA

It matters not what cups are used;
They're all the same to me:
The contents I have ne'er refused,
When Mabel pours the tea.

The flavour, delicate, divine,
 Much finer seems to be.
If her dear eyes glance into mine,
 When Mabel pours the tea.

A prettier sight, in all the land,
 I never hope to see,
Her face behind the brew she planned,
 When Mabel pours the tea.

And other bachelor hearts I'm sure
 With mine will quite agree.
A thousand subtle charms allure,
 When Mabel pours the tea.

Her dainty hands are wondrous fair,
 I wonder if — Ah! Me! —
If she'd consider sitting there —
 To — always — pour my tea!

THERE NEVER WAS A MAN

There never was a man,
Since womanhood began,
Could solve the mystic riddle of a woman's wondrous ways,
His heart-strings once in hand,
She holds them in command,
And evermore, thereafter, she upon them deftly plays.

She bids him to forget,
She scorns and spurns him, yet,
She never quite releases him, as you may well suppose.
She brings him to her arms,
By strangely subtle charms,
As delicate and dainty as the perfume of a rose.

But some of us, who think,
Must hesitate to drink,
At fountains where the overflow irregularly runs,
Lest too persistent wooing
Result in our undoing
And sorrow's sable mantle shroud the setting of our suns.





Sherry

Some say a woman
never ought to drink,
And if they do they're
trembling on a brink,
But if a glass of
sherry
Incites us to be
merry
I guess we won't refuse
it. What do you
think?



"The Little Widow"

THE LITTLE WIDOW AT OLD MARIA'S

The little widow had been insisting for a long time that it was her right and privilege to lay aside convention for a night, and see the real Bohemia. I was in doubt as to whether Maria's was really Bohemia or simply Bohemian, and I hesitated.

The little widow was a modest, quiet, reserved personality, and only a few knew of the soupcon of deviltry in her nature, for she had a habit of drooping her eyelids when the flash came into the eyes, which left you all at sea as to what was really passing in her mind.

So she had set a definite date on which, willy-nilly, I was to be her escort and really "do" Bohemia.

We were a little late in arriving, owing to a long argument in which I tried to prove that she should sign papers exonerating me from all blame in case anything went wrong. I knew, of course, that Bohemians are tem-

peramental, and even in Maria's there had occurred occasional fisticuffs and more resounding slaps with the flat of the hand. How was I to know that a stray mustard pot, on its way to avenge a fancied wrong, might not wreck my hopes for the future and incidentally a gown for the widow! She was very pretty, and Bohemians are susceptible. How was I to know that I might not have to do some resenting myself!

Jim Ford was partly to blame for it all. She had been perusing him, almost to a finish. In vain I tried to persuade her that Jim Ford was a big, brawny, handsome, broad-shouldered Hercules, who could dominate Bohemia if he liked. I drew vivid pictures of the contrast between her daintiness and his muscularity, but she would not listen.

The smoke was pressing against the dingy ceiling, like a cushion, as we came in. Below the cushion, long, stringy clouds of smoke were looking for a home, and still lower down figures could be seen, vaguely outlined, like the spirits in the nether world feeling their

way through the cloudy realms of space in "The Darling of the Gods," and wailing, "It is a thousand years."

But these spirits were not wailing. A few had begun to maudle. Some were merely exhilarated, and others were voluble. I assured the little widow that we were not really playing fair, for we should have begun with them in order to feel with them, but she was quite satisfied, and was hardly seated before she whispered:

"Isn't it fun?"

I had been there before, and never found it twice alike, so I was prepared for the unexpected, if such a paradox can exist. We located in a bunch of genius, that is, a shock of hair, a trifle tangled, a hollow-eyed Irving in miniature, a prodigious turned-down collar, a yard of ribbon posing as a necktie, and a sort of a Mr. Pickwick, the names attached to the others not being essential. I had never spoken twenty sentences with the shock of hair, but he rushed around the table and shouted:

"Dear old fellow! Charmed, charmed, I assure you!"

Then he looked at the little widow with a sort of:

"Of course you've got to introduce me," air, and I did.

He made a sweeping gesture, such as his Majesty might have made on the high hill when he said:

"All this will I give thee — if —" and, beaming with a proprietary smile, continued:

"It's the real thing, ain't it?"

And the widow said:

"Perfectly jolly." But I couldn't tell for the life of me if she meant it.

And then Micky Finn arose, and the assembly was hushed, for if there is a true Bohemian, he is one. When he speaks of Bohemia he speaks feelingly and honestly and earnestly, and if his laws and rules and regulations, or the lack of them, could be carried out, Maria's would have been Maria's and a whole lot besides.

Micky recited, after an interesting preamble,

a bit of Irish dialect verse, in which a working man's morning potation was made to seem like ambrosial nectar, and everybody rushed at their beverages to see if it could be really true, but, alas! it was not the first drink of the day for them, and quantity had to take the place of quality, with the corresponding reaction.

Then some one "did" John Boyle O'Reilly's "Bohemia," and it rang true, but somehow the setting was wrong. I don't think Bohemia has to be absolutely in a basement, nor do I think that ventilation is a handicap.

Between the turns, bedlam broke loose. Conversation was fired the length of the cellar, — I mean the dining-room, — and it was not always of a character to elevate or educate, or even amuse.

You have had some little fishes as appetizers, but they suggest the possibility of an untidy barrel kept under the stairs without a cover, and you hesitated. You have had the onion soup, and it was powerful, though it did have flavour. Possibly that is because you don't

use much garlic. The fish might have passed muster if it had not been swamped in all the chopped-up vegetables of the universe as a sauce. After all, you came for the spaghetti. It arrived on schedule time and you twisted it properly and threw your head back at the right angle, and only a little bit of it found your shirt front. I sometimes wonder if the delights of spaghetti are not partially due to the gymnastics that go with it. An old Italian priest once told me that, to thoroughly enjoy spaghetti, you should never touch wine while eating it. Before and after, yes, but not with it. He claimed that the acid of the wine destroyed the sensitiveness of the palate for the time and rendered the subtle flavour of the dish nil.

By this time, cigarettes had burned holes in the none too tidy table-cloths. Here and there a wine-glass of the logwood and water had dyed nobly, where an obtrusive elbow had waxed eloquent with no salt at hand to pour over it, though the hollow-eyed Irving in miniature had spilled the salt and then poured

his claret absently over it. And no one seems bored as yet, not even the widow. I wonder why. I question myself vigorously:

"Where would you rather be than here?" and, to tell the truth, I am not discontented, but I am glad that I am sitting in the particular seat near a certain particular person. That is only natural.

Often some one sang, but oftener some one tried to. I overheard one remark which struck me as really funny. A young lady, in a peacock blue broadcloth, cut demi-train and trimmed with fur, I know what I am talking about, for she went out after her "stunt," and that was what a woman said about her, well, when she started for the piano, some one said:

"Why! Does she sing?"

And the nearest neighbour said:

"No. I've heard her."

That's the bugaboo at these places. You know what some one is going to do, and how they'll do it before they have been asked. If some one would only take some interest in advance and pick out those who are willing

to get up something new. But who is going to pay the man who takes interest in advance? Nobody.

It would be much lovelier in Bohemia if every one would be more truthful. It takes a magnificent liar to make a lie interesting. Some one is asked to make a few remarks, and he gets up and says that he really cannot make a speech. That's the truth, but he intends it for a lie, and it boomerangs itself. Then he says that he is the last person in the world to talk entertainingly, and he thinks no one will believe him, but they do.

While he is speaking, many talk. In this case it is almost justifiable, but they do the same when some one talks well. Over in the corner five heads are gathered at the centre of the round table. That means a story which even the broad-minded Marianites may not overhear. You guess the drift of it, for the point of those stories always falls under one of four heads which cover the stories of the world.

A white-haired old gentleman "Good-

nights" everybody as he passed them on his way out, and soon a few of the less Bohemian spirits follow him. The ultra Bohemians linger and lounge. I look at the little widow significantly, but she is being put through Bohemia's catechism by a philosopher, who lounges on his elbow and holds a cigarette over the back of her chair. To-morrow she will say "Phew!" and wash her hair. Very pretty hair it is, too. The evening has lacked magnetism. It is not always so.

There are times when a good singer sings well, a good speaker will show honest wit, an actor will render a part in truly artistic fashion, and you feel repaid for the time spent, but it is the exception not the rule.

I look at the widow again and she nods. On the way home I say:

"Well?"

She smiles, and says, softly, and I think she held my arm a trifle closer:

"I think Sherry's leaves a better taste in the mouth, don't you?"

HAUNTED

I'm haunted by your eyes, dear,
 Those eyes, so dark and deep,
Where passion broods and dies, dear,
 And Love awakes from sleep.
Oh! Eyes of slumbering flame and fire,
Have ye no tears to quench desire?

I'm haunted by your lips, dear,
 Your lips of cherry red;
Nay, not for little sips, dear,
 Where half is left unsaid,
But quivering lips that speak the truth,
All wet with love's sweet dew of youth.

I'm haunted by your face, dear,
 That tells the soul within,
Where fleeting smiles find place, dear,
 And heaven's first joys begin.

IN BOHEMIA

I ask no sceptre, crown, or throne,
Could I but call them all my own.

I'm haunted by your soul, dear,
 The heart within your heart,
Where tides of passion roll, dear,
 And all the senses start,
Where every trembling nerve is thrilled,
And Love's sweet cup of joy is filled.

'Tis all a shadowy dream, dear,
 A vision that is vain.
Things are not what they seem, dear,
 And heritage to pain
Is all that's left my heart to tell,
While you laugh on and say, " Oh — well! "

A TOAST



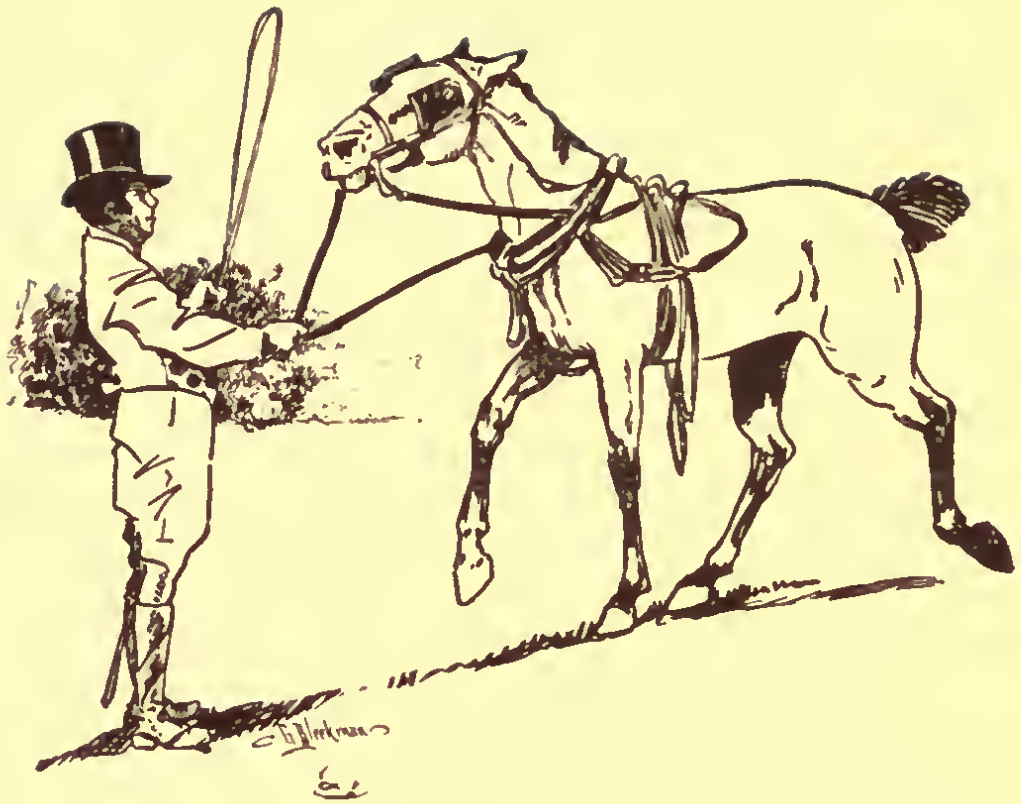
"EAT, drink, and be merry,
to-morrow ye die."
Is a motto the ages have
learned to forgive.
But the age fin de siecle
says, winking an eye,
"Eat, drink, and be merry,
to-morrow ye live."

It seems so much better, when pleasure is
rife,
And life is worth living, to drink with a
smile.
The glasses are clinking, so here's to long life.
Death isn't worth dying. It's gone out of
style.

Relevé

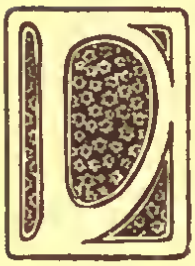


Just on the side



"John Moore started back"

THE TALE OF A HANSOM HORSE



EWITT CLINTON was overstimulated. It had been a hard day on the floor of the Exchange, and in unloading five thousand shares of U. P. preferred he had completely used up a voice which had been musical and persuasive enough to win a promise of marriage from old Follinsbee's daughter Lucy, but the promise involved serious conditions.

The ups and downs of U. P. preferred had led to the breaking of these conditions so often that Clinton was in what might be called probationary disgrace, and, to cheer himself up a bit, he was breaking the conditions into still smaller pieces.

When his engagement to Lucy Follinsbee had become an assured fact, barring the conditions, he had sold his racers and let John Moore, his faithful groom, take a vacation,

which was to last until at least a month after his honeymoon trip.

But Lucy Follinsbee, with a keen eye to the fulfilment of all pledges, had put off the wedding-day, because of certain bibulous breaches, until over a year had flown since the time when Clinton had pictured himself a contented benedick.

The fluctuations of U. P. preferred had played skittles with his resolutions, but he was ready to make a new supply.

And so, when he left his club on the night of his overstimulation, the rock candy, dissolved in the natural way, for his hoarseness, had left him, to put it with exceeding mildness, exhilarated, if not the worse for wear and tear.

At his own door a voice as hoarse as his own, from different and cheaper causes, however, greeted him from the seat of the hansom, and, dreading the lonesomeness of his bachelor apartments, Clinton cried, joyously:

"Why! As I'm a sinner, it's dear, old John!"

Doubtless he would have embraced the old

groom had not the overstimulation quickened his sense of his own inability to bridge the distance to the top of the hansom. But an overstimulated member of the stock exchange is a resourceful being. He winked at the horse as he inquired:

"Will he stand?" It was more than evident that if the horse had a pet ambition, it was standing.

" Waive ceremony, John, and come in, for I have a new case of rare old Jamieson that will waken memories of every happy hour you've known."

Had Clinton told him to turn the hansom and horse loose in the street, John would have done it. Had he suggested that a walk along the cornices of the block would be an appetizer for breakfast, John would have joined him. He was fond of his old, young master, and his word was law.

Clinton's den, where he loved to talk and think and argue, and even drink "horse," was decorated with every appurtenance which could stimulate thoughts of the turf. Riding crops

and extra lashes, bits and curbs and bridles and snaffles hung like pictures, or rather instead of pictures, in profusion. Knee rugs, blankets, and saddle-cloths served for cushions, and horseshoes, ancient and modern, were at hand to set afoot the horse talk if the Jamieson failed to inspire.

Perhaps John Moore developed an unusual amount of bravado under the genial warmth of his master's welcome and a third Jamieson, but in the general trend of conversation it seemed natural enough that he should make the statement:

"The 'oss ain't born, sir, as ole John Moore cawn't drive."

To which DeWitt Clinton, also at his third Jamieson, extra, replied:

"Well, John, I've got a little vixen, idle in her stall at Fifty-eighth Street, and if you can drive her, you can have her."

"As you will, Mr. Clinton, as you will. An' w'en might this hexibition take place?"

"No time like the present, John. I think it will be a case where the less witnesses you

have the better. I will drive her with your cab to the statue of old What's-his-name, at Seventy-second Street in the park, and if you drive her back, she's yours."

It was nearly three o'clock when the change of horses was made at the stable, and the vixen seemed quite in the mood for the experiment.

Clinton mounted the seat of the hansom, telling John Moore to get inside as he gathered up the reins for a burst of speed.

The start might have been a good one if Clinton had thought to pull up and fasten the iron supporting rod, which relieves the horse when not in action.

It rattled about for an instant, and then, like a living thing on mischief bent, shot out against the vixen's heels.

That was enough. The mood of the vixen changed. Just how or why the hansom missed the gate posts at the entrance of the park, no one will ever know. There were four hands on the reins, for even the intrepid John inside had reached out to assist.

In a vague way the vixen had given some little heed to Clinton's attempt at direction, and they whizzed around the statue at least six times before, as though by common consent, they all stopped for breath.

John Moore was out like a shot and at the vixen's head.

Clinton was a good second, and came down from the box, announcing:

"This part of the performance being completed, you will now drive her back, John, and claim the prize."

"Me drive 'er back?" said John. "Not fer all the 'osses in the universe. She ain't no 'oss, she ain't. She's a born devil a-masqueradin' as a 'oss. That's wot she is. Me drive 'er! No. Not me."

"Don't you think she might have behaved better if that iron rod had not been playing with her heels?" said Clinton, cautiously, to John.

"W'otever it was, she showed 'er nawsty disposition, sir. I've 'andled 'osses all me life, sir, but never 'ave I seen so much o' the

devil in a livin' thing. Never 'ave I seen so much pure cussedniss in a pair o' ears."

"Unhitch her then, and lead her back. I'll wait until you come with your own horse," said Clinton.

Pale streaks across the east gave token of the coming day as John Moore started back, and Clinton, climbing into the hansom, prepared to give the reaction from the Jamieson full sway.

The tilt of the vehicle made bracing against the dashboard necessary. His hat had been lost en route, and the general confusion had tumbled the locks, which were usually as unruffled as a ptarmigan's breast. But little he cared. Jamieson was claiming his own, and, regardless of appearances, the inflexible law of inclination demanded a nap.

It was broad, very broad sunlight, when Clinton awoke from a very variegated dream. Lucy Follinsbee was astride the vixen, and would not listen to reason. Her hair was trailing behind her for miles, and Tam O'Shanter followed with the witches. Clinton himself

swinging two bottles of Jamieson like Indian clubs, was the goal, and he knew they would run him down. In anticipation, he could feel his bones aching from the pounding hoofs. But the mightiest ache was in the part of him which was waking last, his head. He was dimly conscious that something had gone wrong, but not quite certain as yet that it was himself. Then, as his vision cleared, he began to associate hoof-beats with the tangible realities of life.

From one approach he saw a graceful figure coming toward him on a chestnut mare, and recognized the gait. From another he saw two mounted policemen, and in the remote perspective he saw John Moore leading a horse that would stand.

It was the last picture in the world that DeWitt Clinton would have chosen for Lucy Follinsbee's criticism, and long before he could see the white of her eyes he felt the severely critical expression of face which had already postponed his wedding-day three times.

His attempt at smoothing his rumpled locks

with begrimed hands, was a complete failure. The usual recourse of an embarrassed man, brushing imaginary dust from his knees, also failed to restore his mental equilibrium.

"Good morning."

It looks very natural and comfortable and pleasant on paper, but oh! the accent and intonation and inflection!

Clinton took his first hurdle, and fell.

"I thought you might be out this morning so I ran up," he said, helplessly.

"In evening dress?" said Miss Follinsbee, and Clinton's hand grasped his expanse of shirt front, saying more plainly than words could have done:

"I forgot the evening dress."

"The air is delightful this morning, isn't it?" She was merciless.

"I don't know. Is it?" He fell at the second hurdle.

"Do you think sleeping in the open air would be a sure cure?" she asked, ingenuously.

Then Clinton grew desperate and made a

clean breast of everything, with frequent appeals to John Moore for corroboration as John harnessed the horse that would stand to the hansom. And when, in a final burst of eloquence, he said:

"And, Lucy, if I had a home to go to, instead of a den, and if I had you to please, and you to hold the reins, we should get rid of all these preliminary canters, and I could settle down to my gait."

Then Lucy leaned over the opposite side of the chestnut mare and took pity. She said:

"Come and dine to-night, dear, and we'll set a date this time, without conditions."



MODERN MARRIAGES

I.
Saucy curl on pretty girl.

II.
Brain of man begins to whirl.

III.
Papa something of a churl.

IV.
Settles fortune on the girl.

V.
Monte Carlo! What a whirl!

VI.
Papa's daughter pawns a pearl.

VII.
Bad man hunts another girl.

VIII.
Papa something of a churl.

IX.
Gets divorce for pretty girl.

A PUPIL OF CHARCOT

An Effective Illustration of the Subtle Science of Thought Transference

Three thousand dollars had just changed hands in an elegant apartment on Fifth Avenue.

Four men in evening dress were seated in careless attitudes about a circular table, each sipping a demi-tasse, after a banquet of unusual excellence.

Three of the men were evidently Americans; the fourth was proclaimed a Frenchman by the cut of his imperial and the upward curl of his moustaches.

"Talk of hypnotism and mesmerism," he had said, "I tell you, gentlemen, that thought transference is in its infancy. The experiments of M. Charcot are but child's play com-

pared with the astounding results to be achieved before the birth of another century. Every thought that comes into being in the mind of man is a living entity, endowed at birth with a power for good or evil, the magnitude of which is beyond our wildest dreams. Why, gentlemen, even I, a private citizen of La Belle France, to whom the subject of thought transference has been as yet but a diversion for idle hours — even I, without reputation as a mesmerist, and lacking the wondrous power of the adepts of the East, can cause each one of you to spring to your feet in astonishment.

"Gentlemen, I will pour from the decanter in this cabinet a glass of wine, and in the instant of time which passes as I raise the glass to my lips I shall influence a human being a half a mile away who is not now cognizant of my existence to such an extent that he will feel and know the desire I have conceived within me for his presence. He will come to me, not knowing why he comes, subject to my will, and willing to testify to

you as to the impelling force which guided his footsteps. On this sheet of paper I will describe the individual's manner of entering the room, his general appearance; yes, I will go still further. I will foretell whatever object he may carry in hand, and I will wager $1,000 that my statement will be substantiated by a test."

A shout of derision rose from the throats of the three Americans, and in less time than it takes in the telling each had agreed to the terms of the wager.

The Frenchman hastily wrote a few words on a sheet of paper, folded it, and enclosed it in an envelope, which he sealed. He then stepped to the cabinet and poured a glass of sherry from a decanter, saying:

"Sherry, gentlemen, is my lucky drink. I shall drink sherry on my wedding morning. It is a wine which, by right of many good and vivifying qualities, belongs to the weaker and better sex; but because woman's intuitions are akin to the subtle workings of the brain in thought transference, I shall drink the

drink of womankind. Gentlemen, with this glass of sherry I pledge your health."

He drained the glass, and placed it on the cabinet with a flourish.

"I have made the impression I believed possible," he said. "I have reason to believe the person described in that sealed sheet of paper is even now approaching us."

The Frenchman handed to his guests a silver case, from which each took a Russian cigarette.

"Before you have half-finished your cigarettes, my friends," he continued, "you shall admit that mind is superior to matter, and that there are powers in this universe superior even to mind or matter."

At that instant there was a knock at the door.

"Gentlemen, kindly read the description of the individual who will enter, before I open the door."

With excited faces and hasty fingers the sealed document was opened, and one of the Americans read:

"The individual I have summoned will be

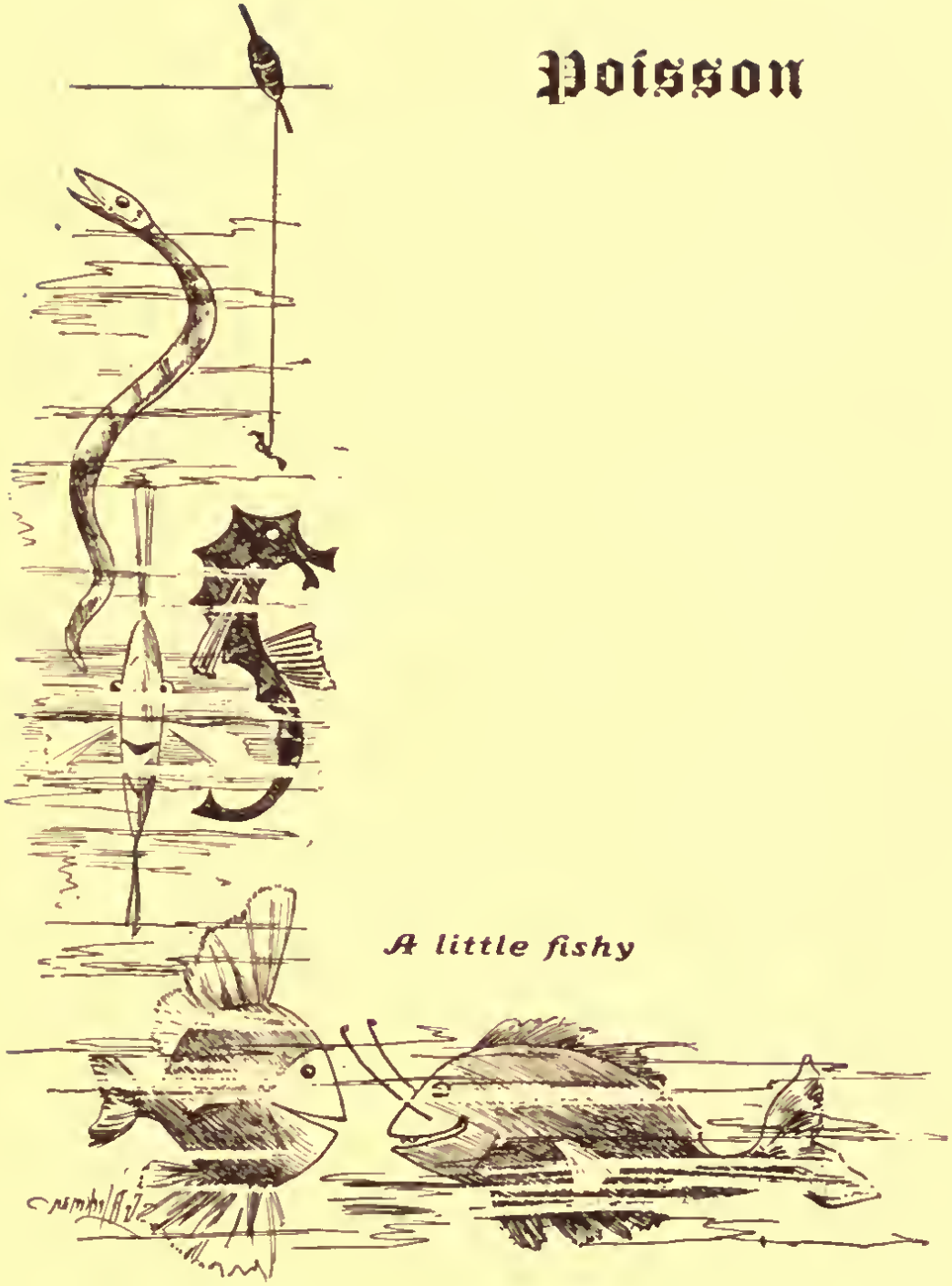
less than twenty-five years of age; will take off a cap, not a hat, as he enters this room; will be dressed in a sack coat of some dark blue material, and will hold in his hand a slip of paper."

The Frenchman opened the door, and the description was accurate in every particular.

It was an American District Telegraph messenger, and the Frenchman's messenger call was inside his wine cabinet.



Poisson



A little fishy



"X-Rays in Egypt"

A BOHEMIAN NIGHT IN CAIRO

The earlier part of the evening was conventional enough, for there was a regimental ball at the Ghizereh palace across the Nile, and, judging from the diversity of uniform, there must be a special brand for each officer, for I hardly saw two alike, and each one outdoes the other for splendour.

In a mighty quadrangle of the purlieus of Cairo, flaming and smoking oil torches throw fitful shadows of Syrians, Copts, Nubians, Bedouins, Abyssinians, and a handful of Americans.

On the matting in the centre of the quadrangle dervishes are whirling, at least, they claim to be dervishes, but these dervishes both howl and whirl, which makes you suspicious, for a dervish is apt to make a specialty of one or the other. All through the performance they whirl round and round on one spot,

their white pleated skirts standing out straight from the waist. Everywhere you look, you see those fierce eyes that suggest murders at a dollar apiece. Here, a man clad only in one thin white garment, transparent in texture, plunges a flaming pine knot torch under the garment, and whirls and dances as though a night-shirt of fire was his greatest comfort.

There, a handsome young fellow thrusts metal skewers through his cheeks and chin and nose, and through his arms and thighs, until he looks like a porcupine.

Over here, a man is thrusting great balls of burning wax into his mouth and blowing out the smoke, but there is no smell of burning flesh, so you can only wonder.

Over there, a man is biting pieces from the edge of a drinking-glass, and crunching them with apparent enjoyment. You think it must be some transparent gelatine, but you pick up a bit that has fallen from his mouth, and it is real glass.

Meanwhile, the two dervishes, one of them a little fellow of not more than fifteen, are still

whirling on the same spot where they began an hour ago.

All around you the windows are filled with weird, uncanny faces, some veiled to the eyes, applauding with hisses and grunts the feats of the fakirs. Children of all ages and sizes squat around the edge of the matting, which constitutes the stage. Everybody squats in the Orient. To sit down in the dirt of the roadside is quite the fashionable thing with the lower orders.

The performance is over at about one-thirty A. M., and you drive to the Sphynx, which is the Rector's of Cairo, and you have your salad and beer, engineered by an American but prepared and served by Frenchmen. Past the door of your private room, you see the flitting of French feathers, you hear the chatter of French voices, and you wonder where their escorts are. No, you don't. You know where they are, for they have come there for them, but you wonder who they are. It is three o'clock, and so you hasten to your hotel — perhaps.



THE FIRST FLIRTATION

Time — The Beginning Place — Paradise

Dramatis Personæ

Sir Adam O'Sullivan	A Florist
Mlle. Eve d'Enpassant	A Soubrette

In the blissful bower of Eden,
 Several thousand years ago,
Man was made, of dust and water,
 So his name was "Mud," you know.
But, against a fence they placed him,
 And they baked him in the sun,
So "A Brick" became old Adam,
 When the sixth day's work was done.
Then, one evening, while reclining
 'Neath a spreading tree, at rest,

IN BOHEMIA

They performed an operation,
 Underneath his fig-leaf vest.
They cocained his little riblet,
 And they took it quite away,
To produce a lovely woman,
 So that Adam could get gay.
And he did — When first he spied her,
 He took off his fig-leaf hat
And exclaimed: "Ah! There! Me Daisy!"
 Eve replied from where she sat:
"Eef I am not mooch meestaken,
 An' I do not teenk I am,
Ees zee zhentleman beefore me,
 Zee proprietaire, Ad-dam?"

"Thot's moi name," responded Adam,
 "An' Oi'm verry plased to shtate
You're half-owner in this garrden,
 Frum this verry day an' date."
"Shall I haf zee lofely pleasure,
 Zat you make on me a call?"
"Oi'll be there at six, me darlin',
 Thrunk an' hat-box, grip an' all."

Then the lady answered softly:
"Pray, excoose me sare, I beg,
Eef, on veray short acquaintance,
Zat I seem to pool your leg,
Eef eet ees you mean housekeeping,
Zare ees mooch I mus' procure.
Can you let me haf ten dollare?
I mus' see zee manicure,
An' zee, w'at you call — zee coiffeur,
I mus' haf some chocolate,
An' — Oh! Zare ees many trifles,
W'ich zee lady, up to date,
Need to make herself attractive
To zee paragon of men,
Come to teenk, I shall need twenty,
Eef you please, anozzer ten."

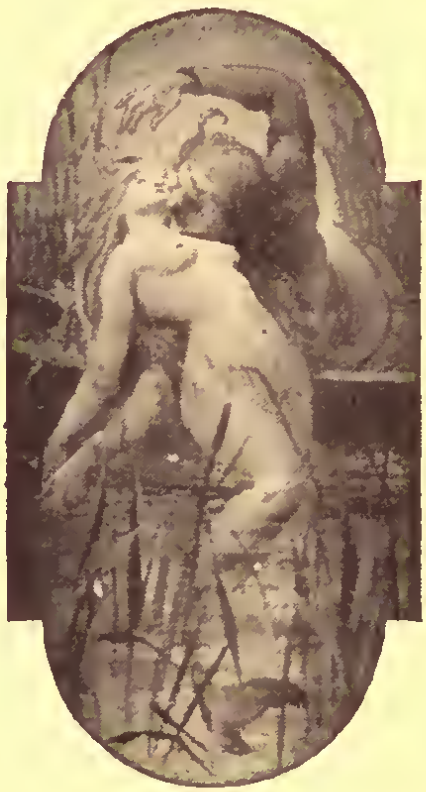
"Howly Murther!" shouted Adam,
"Do ye think Oi'm goin' ter pay
All me money out fer nonsinse,
In that millionairish way?
Oi'm no King o' Frinzied Fynance.
Oi'm the man behind the hoe.
An' Oi've run behind at poker,

At the club, a wake or so,
But that's only timporary,
An' Oi'm no fynanshul Wreck,
If ye r'ally need some thrifles,
Oi kin wroite ye out a check."

"No, sare, please. I know zat beezness,
I haf had zee checks beefore,
An' zey always make zee laughter,
W'en I show zem in zee store.
In zee pawn-shop, veray easy,
Wiz your fig-leaf ovarecoat,
You shall get, w'ile I am waiting,
One, two, three ten-dollare note.
Zen you gif to me zee teecket,
An' you know, wizout a doubt,
Eef zee wezzer, he grow coldare,
I weel queeckly take him out."

"Well! Oi loike yer nerve," said Adam,
But he couldn't quite refuse,
And her stunning Easter bonnet,
She permitted him to choose.
Down to us, through all the ages,
Come the customs of the past,

Puppy love and youthful folly,
 Both of them too sweet to last.
And each Spring our modern fancies
 Lightly turn to thoughts of love,
Just as, in that ancient garden,
 Billed and cooed the turtle-dove.
But the moral of the story
 Is an easy one to note,
That in Spring, a young man always
 Pawns his Winter overcoat.



THE LAMBS' CLUB

For true, broad-minded, legitimate Bohemianism, the Lambs' Club stands for the Simon-pure, real thing. A glance over its membership roll shows men who "do something" to a greater degree than that of any other club in New York. It is to New York what the Savage Club is to London, and the Bohemian Club to San Francisco. At their monthly gambols, the personelle is almost always a delight. Stars of the stage and leading men are there without the glamour of the footlights, but in their own pleasing personality.

Artists of renown, musicians of note, managers, composers, maestros, millionaires, and all-around good fellows gather together to applaud the work of their fellow creatures and creators. There are no set faces saying to the workers:

"Make me laugh, if you can." "I'd like to see you interest me." They are there in the spirit of Bohemian brotherhood, and eager to enjoy.

The waiting list is a long one, and the club has reached the point where it is a recognized honour to be elected to membership, and a matter for congratulation, if your name is, for one reason or another, placed high up on the waiting list.

The actor is proverbially Bohemian, and while the Lambs embrace all the arts, and while painting, sculpture, music, and literature are vigorously represented on the roster, the actor has given it unmistakably the touch that is recognized as Bohemian. The plan of the present club-house fosters the idea, and the plans for the new one are intended to preserve it. There is only a step between bar and billiard-table, and only another step to the grillroom.

It is not an uncommon sight to see half a dozen men sitting around a table, each one of whom, to put it paradoxically, stands alone

in his chosen profession. While the spirit of bon camaraderie is always in the air, it is perhaps most apparent at the supper-table, after the gambol which takes place once a month. The Shepherd, Mr. Clay Green, who has practically made the club his life-work, during the past few years, presides, and his well-chosen words announce such speakers or singers as may be best fitted to entertain and amuse or interest. When such men as DeWolf Hopper, Wilton Lackaye, Nat Goodwin, Gus Thomas, and William H. Crane begin to exchange witticisms, it is safe to say that two and three o'clock finds you still loath to depart.

The objects of the club as set forth in the club-book seem prosaic enough, but they mean much more than the simple words imply. Perhaps a better idea of the spirit of the club can be gained from the following verses, which were read at the laying of the corner-stone of the new club-house on Forty-fourth Street, than from the Book of By-laws.

A Prophecy

As when the sower strides across the land,
 The harrowed earth beneath his sturdy tread,
And from the seed he scatters from his hand,
 The golden harvest proudly rears its head,
So shall the records of a glad to-day,
 Set close within this temple's very heart,
Dispel to-morrow's clouds and shadows gray
 And through the future play their silent part.

Around this votive stone, for many a year,
 Shall cluster those who come for good intent;
Learning to love, within its atmosphere,
 This temple to the man-child's merriment.
Our sun of life may set, within the year,
 The hour-glass drop its last remaining sands,
But reared with smiles and christened with a tear
 The home of happiness for ever stands.

Not left behind is any memory sweet,
 Nor do ye leave associations fond,

IN BOHEMIA

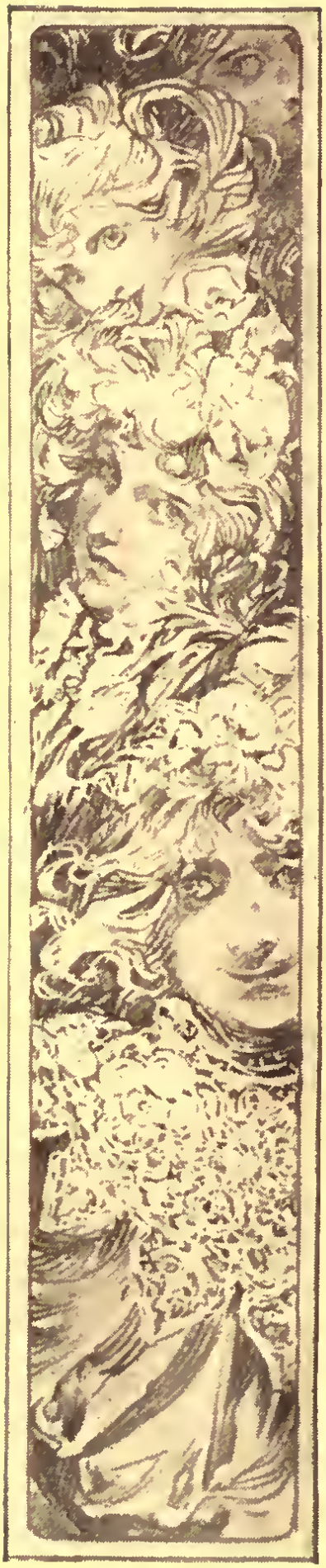
Here, as of yore, shall tread, with silent feet,
The friends whose souls have sought the Great Beyond.
They bridge the distance 'twixt the bygone years
And those that shall be, like a guiding hand,
Arming your strength and quieting your fears,
And cheering onward those who take command.

Above the lintel of each door, we read
The old Greek maxim: "Know Thyself," and more —
"Be True," and these alone shall build a creed
Of greater worth than tomes of ancient lore.
Let laughter, song, and joyous gifts of words,
Find every crevice, as the golden glow
Of summer sunbeams finds the woodland birds,
And floods with music all the earth below.

Here stands the incarnate proof of deeds well done,
Good-fellowship uplifts the crown to bless

The standard-bearers, with their laurels won,
Whose names enrolled, bespeak the word:
"Success."
Small need for praise, in this auspicious hour,
For those who have so ably played their parts,
To them is given a nobler, richer dower,
The beating pulse and throb of grateful hearts.

Here buoyant life and youth spring forth anew,
Full armed to vanquish serried ranks of care,
The hand-clasp firm of those who dare and do
Half-way meets those who bravely do and dare.
Heaven's blessings fall upon this home of mirth,
Joy linger in the heart of all its tears,
And friendship's bond, the best there is of earth,
Be strengthened and reborn through all the years.



Sauterne

"A little wine," the Bible
says,
"Just for the stomach's
sake,"
But it is really sinful
To take away a skinful,
A quart or two is quite
enough to take.



"A five thousand dollar portrait ought to flatter a bit"

CLAREMONT FOR BREAKFAST

Sunday is ordered a day of rest, and that doesn't mean swearing at a refractory stud or chasing a collar-button with profanity in order to reach morning prayers on time. To sleep your sleep out, have your coffee, and browse through the papers of a Sunday morning, and then to leisurely saunter over to Durland's and jump into a saddle, enter the park at Sixty-sixth Street and follow the bridle-path until Claremont invites you, is a much better prelude to the true spirit of the Sabbath than a stiff-backed pew and the glance of envious eyes when a particularly stunning bonnet passes down the aisle. Planked shad in season, with the roes scattered about on the plank, awaken your deepest devotion. They do know how to cook it up there, and their sweetbreads and mushrooms on toast are a delight to the soul.

You are not obliged to go there on horseback. That was only suggested in case you might prefer it to the cocktail as an appetizer. It is quicker and quite acceptable to go there in an economical way. Take the subway and whizz past the dark stations, suddenly emerging into the Sabbath morning sunlight as though you had been born again.

Dismount — no — alight, I had forgotten you were not on horseback, at One Hundred and Tenth Street, and take the short walk up the hill. At twelve o'clock you will say: "How foolish to come here! There's nobody about." But at twelve-fifteen, you will exclaim: "How bully! Everybody is here."

That distinguished-looking man, with the iron-gray, wiry hair, is Thaddeus, the artist who painted both Leo and Pius from sittings at the Vatican, and wonderful pictures they are, too. There's a lady two tables away whom he painted awhile ago, but they don't speak. She said the picture wasn't fair, and he said he "knew" it was right. But a five thousand dollar portrait ought to flatter a bit.

IN BOHEMIA

That beautiful pair of eyes with the Paris creation as a framework is a countess now, but three months ago — well! "Ten thousand pounds in your hand if you marry in a year," said her sweetheart, and they say she paid over the ten thousand for an earl, just for spite. But it makes her interesting, doesn't it?

There's May Irwin with her two big boys. She has just published a cook-book that is half jokes, half receipts, and two-thirds margin for adding recipes as you fall heir to them.

There are two pretty girls just coming up the road on horseback. One of them is riding astride, and it proves beyond all doubt that astride is the way to ride, at any rate for a woman of her figure. In a victoria just passing them is a well-known personage, if your picture in the Sunday papers creates a personage. She purloined the cher ami of one of the ladies on horseback last week, and in a fit of desperation the lady took the law into her own hands and played havoc with the

hair of the personage. Even the parson at the corner table is showing interest. These things do make people glad they came in spite of the fact that they smack a little of sensationalism.

There's a little story that goes with nearly every table. Some are comic and some are tragic, but they keep up the interest. Try Claremont for breakfast — some Sunday morning. It's Bohemian.

The cheerful-faced gentleman over there is Bert Stadelman, the chairman of the building committee of the new Lambs' Club. There's no doubt of his Bohemianism. He may combine business with pleasure, for that is a fifty-dollar breakfast, but why not? There are two lambs, a shepherd, two millionaires, a composer, and an author at the table. That ought to be interesting.



THE POINT OF VIEW

There's a griffin, set high on that cornice there,
On that towering pile of stone,
And a lion, rampant, at either end,
Stands guarding his corner alone.
As you gaze aloft at that dizzy height,
They grin, with a lifelike glee,
And you think: "The sculptor, who carved that stone,
What a wondrous man is he!"
But climb with me to that cornice high,
And speechless will be your tongue;
They might have been carved by an Aztec child,
In the days when the world was young.
So rough and so rugged those faces grim,

Of the griffin and lions bold;
"Chance held the chisel," you murmur low,
And the length of the tale is told.
But back of those blocks stood a thinking mind,
Which knew what was best to do,
For it said: "What the world may say or think,
Depends on the point of view."

The wicked young man of the Orient,
With a dozen dainty wives,
We say, in this civilized, Christianized land,
Is making a wreck of their lives,
And we send to him quickly a godly man,
At a rate that is easy to fix,
And say he is doing a glorious work,
If he brings him down to six.
There are sermons in stones. There are prayers let fall,
Sometimes with an oath each side.
We never should say: "'Tis a silver shield,"
For it may be of gold, inside.

IN BOHEMIA

If whatever I touch, when it leaves my hand,
 Is cleaner than when it came,
I can look the whole world straight in the face
 And feel no blush of shame.

If an Angelo, in the chiselled stone,
 Can bid the pulses start;
If Correggio, with immortal brush,
 Can send a glow to the heart,
Is the throb and thrill of human life
 So shocking, so vile a thing,
That we must, to-day, to Diana's bath,
 A modern mantle bring?
Some souls, no doubt, live nearer God,
 Where the heart of Nature sings,
Each bird and cloud and sunbeam fair
 Sweet peace, as tribute, brings.
We potters that model in city clay
 Must mould as it comes to our hands.
Not "What we need," "What we want," is
 the cry,
 We answer to these demands.

The text of the preacher in Timbuctoo
 And that of some great divine

Are wide apart as the poles of the earth,
But which will the brighter shine?
The words of the one may beckon sleep,
While the preacher of Timbuctoo
May pluck from the fire a burning brand —
It depends on the point of view.

I have written songs of a soulful kind,
Unprinted they still remain;
Have voiced some love-lorn madrigals,
Begotten in pleasant pain;
Have sung a few brief lullabys,
And mothers have said, "How sweet!"
Have written hymns for the Sunday school;
I have, hungry, walked the street;
I have taken a mythologic tale
And placed it in rhyming verse;
I have tried to make it cleaner, because
It couldn't be very much worse;
I have measured its wording carefully,
And scanned every halting line,
Then sent it forth, and the verdict was:
"Say! When can you come and dine?"

IN BOHEMIA

So, I'd rather live in the heart of my friends,
And smile, while life is sweet,
Than lay up treasures in some fair land,
While, living, I walk the street.
And the question comes: "If you do your best,
What else is there left to do?"
Oh! If only the world would learn to say:
"It depends on the Point of View."

A VERY UNUSUAL GIRL

Her eyes were like the Summer pearls,
From oysters' bosoms drawn.
Her teeth were like red roses sweet,
Her nose was like the dawn.
Her great broad smile was fondly fair,
Her ripe, red ears were small.
Her little shoes were full of feet.
I love her best of all.

At night, when sunlight, stars, and moons,
Are twinkling in the sky,

We meet beneath the farmyard wall,
 My own true love and I.
And when the heavy, sullen clouds
 Their beams of light let fall,
She flies to me with measured tread.
 I love her best of all.

Some day, not far, perhaps in years,
 We two shall married be,
And on the swelling waves of love,
 Drift toward eternity.
And in that land beyond the sky,
 Where song and sunbeams dwell,
It's ten to one my usual luck
 Will make my life a hell.

Be slow to anger, but hit hard and hit first —if you have to.

'Tis better to love and run away than never to have loved at all.

Entrée



Between Whiles



"A Chinatown Belle"

SLUMMING IN CHINATOWN

There is a sinister gleam in the eye of a Chinaman, and a sneaky tread about his cushioned shoes that make him a fascinating object in about the same way that a pug dog is beautiful to the eye. You can't quite explain it, but you always look twice. It is a mistaken idea, however, that they live on rats and mice, and that their every-day dessert is a fricasseed bird's nest.

The Chinatown of New York is not the Chinatown of San Francisco, and yet it is big enough to afford much pleasure to the observing. Two-thirds of the Chinese population are absolutely cleanly.

The usual procedure in visiting Chinatown is to take the Fourth Avenue car, alighting at Chatham Square, and a party of four is about right. For a party of four can get lost in

a crowd without attracting the attention which follows the usual sightseer. The Chinese play at the Chinese theatre, which you will probably visit first, usually takes several months to complete the story, which is apt to be a part of Chinese history. Part of the audience sits on the stage with the players and part of it sits on the back of the wooden benches, with their hats on their heads, smoking innumerable cigarettes. The banging of gongs, the pounding on cymbals, the squeak of the Chinese voice, and the general buzz of conversation, make a bedlam of the place that is not soon forgotten. They are simply marvellous in the manner of painting their faces and in their wonderful make-ups, and the men who play the parts of women are inimitable. After a half or three quarters of an hour in the theatre, it is natural to drop into the Joss House, where an attending priest is very glad to receive your tip, and an additional one for burning some perfumed sticks in front of an impossible god, and another tip for telling your fortune by shak-

ing out some well-worn bamboos on his knees in front of the great altar, telling your fortune with wondrous precision, which usually ends up with a happy marriage and lots of money, so you have not wasted your half-dollar. Then, if you pick out the right Chop Suey House, you will find that the kitchen is in plain sight, and the copper vessels are burnished so that they shine like mirrors, the meats and vegetables are spread out on the cleanest of pine tables, so that you may know exactly what you are getting, and that it is absolutely clean and neat. Then you go into a little private room attended by a polite Chinese boy, who says witty things for you, and you partake of inimitable tea in quaint cups and saucers, with inverted saucers over the tops of the cups to keep the steaming fragrance within so that you can taste it. You see the large tea-leaves floating in the boiling water, and you get personally acquainted with it before it tickles your palate. Then comes the Chop Suey, which is usually the piece de resistance, and Heaven knows what mysterious side dishes

accompany it. Although the Chinese are supposed to live very cheaply, they manage to charge you twenty-five cents a portion for Lychee nuts and twenty-five cents a cup for tea, if you have satisfied them you want the best, and if you really get curious and want to taste shark fins, the tariff jumps to two dollars. If you are in touch with a detective in the neighbourhood, he probably will take you where you can see people hitting the pipe, but these opium-smoking layouts are very apt to be fakes. I found a very interesting case one night, where a very pretty white girl, with an attractive manner, was indulging in an evening of opium-smoking with the Chinese partner of her Chinese husband. She had proceeded far enough in the opium-smoking to believe that some one had put a curse upon her, and that by deadening her sensibilities she could tide over the time until the curse ran out. The Chinese partner was the soul of courtesy to her, and there was really as much decorum in his attitude toward the lady as you find when the minister called for

tea with Mrs. Highflyer. A strip of matting had been thrown across a very neat bed, and at the side of the bed a diagonal table held the layout. The Chinese partner would cook a little pill of opium, place it on the bowl of the pipe, and, after puffing it to the proper point, would hand it to the lady, after wiping the mouthpiece, and she would take a few puffs, handing it back to him. After a few inhalations, he would pass it back to her. Neither of them went into a comatose condition while we were there. It is, of course, the natural thing to buy souvenirs, silk handkerchiefs, beads, ivory back-scratchers, carved figures in ivory, and one would think, from the supply on hand, that all the inhabitants of Japan carved ivory day and night to supply the souvenir hunters. You can do Chinatown very nicely and be at home before one o'clock in the morning.

OVER THE ROSE

The rose lay soft in her two pink palms,
As red as the lips above it,
And the petals seemed to ask an alms,
As she leaned to kiss and love it.
It gave its fragrance and beauty, too,
To the lips that bent to press it,
Its life went out and its hour was through,
When she cared not to caress it.

It laid unnoticed, a breathing space,
A broken thing, neglected,
And then, across her fair, young face,
Regret was swift reflected.
"I am so sorry," murmured she,
"Poor, shattered, faded flower."
And on her warm heart, tenderly,
It nestled for an hour.



OUT OF THE LONG AGO

He had loved her mother in the long ago, but the infatuation of a day had become the regret of a lifetime for the mother whose pride and ambition had outstepped her reason,

and the man of principle had been forced to step aside for the man of dash.

Then came a few hours of excitement, mistaken for happiness, while the glamour lasted for the woman.

Then the child came and then neglect and then severity. Brutality would have followed, in course of time, but merciful death intervened, and the man of principle came out of his seclusion and sorrow and came forward first with aid, then with sympathy, and finally with a protection so free from selfishness that it won in the heart of the woman the place he should have occupied in the long ago.

But he could not forget that he had been denied the first full fragrance of what he had thought the fairest flower in Love's garden. He could not say: "Give me the remnants of your shattered dreams."

And so the years had come and gone, and he had found a sad, sweet satisfaction in the companionship of the woman, and he had recognized, at times, the wistful look in the eyes,

and had answered it with a tenderness that only partly masked his stern resolve.

In the short vacations, when the child had come home from the convent, it had warmed his heart to see the little bud, nurtured by him, unfolding in the likeness of the blossom he had loved, and when, at last, the mother's eyes were closed in the last long sleep, he went away, still faithful to the dream of the long ago.

Each week he made it a pleasure, as well as a duty, to give the child a record of his wanderings, and each week she opened her heart to him in the fulness of her girlish confidence, and told him all there was to tell of the sorrows and joys of her young life.

And he, from afar, began to notice that the cramped and studied handwriting was taking on an easier flow. The methods of expression were rounding out, and her protestations of affection were becoming more delicately subtle, until, by day and night, a desire beset him to return and see with his own eyes if the promises of childhood had been fulfilled.

"It shall be my duty to find for her a worthy mate. She must not make her mother's mistake," he repeated over and over again to himself.

But when all the splendour of her youth and beauty and wealth of colour and vivacity, her strangely blended harmony of wit and thoughtfulness, became apparent to him, he found it hard to decide, among those about her, which should meet encouragement at his hands. He placed her in surroundings that were befitting; called her his "Little Queen," and became in a half-jesting way a courtier in her train.

Christmas, New Year's, and Easter, as well as birthdays, were gala-days for him, for then he might count upon three distinct throbs of happiness: the planning, the giving, and her receiving. It was all so sweet and so hopeless. He found himself regretting the white hairs at his temples, not because they were unbecoming, for they softened an otherwise stern face, but because they told of the years that made the barrier.

Then came the time when, with a pain at the heart but with a smile on his face, he found that he must say "Yes" to the suitor who sought her, and then, feverishly, he waited.

Each day seemed longer than the one before it until, at last, in stammering words, he asked if nothing had been said.

And it was not a child who answered him, but a woman, speaking from the fulness of her heart and with all the knowledge that comes with the subtle intuitions of women, like a gift from God.

"Oh, Nunky! Don't you think I know? Don't you think I see? Don't you think I feel and care? Yes. He asked me. And I wanted to strike him. I don't know why. Yes, I do. He would have put his arm around me, deliberately, consciously, because he had your permission to seek me, and I hated him. Yours is about me now, and you hardly know it, because it belongs there, and I want to kiss you. All that I ever hope to find of honour and integrity and all that goes to make

a man a woman's ideal I find in you. Now do you understand? Now do you know how I want to show you that the gratitude of the child can become the love of the woman?"

But he could only say, in husky tones: "Thirty years, my child, thirty years."

And she could only answer: "Your heart is younger than his. Your life is whiter than his. Could anything make a woman happier than to feel that a young heart and a white life were her own to worship and adore and to follow?"

And then, all the pent-up love and tenderness and passion of his mature years swept 'round her like a tide. All the fragrance of her opening heart filled his life and soul, and

Love is love, though the skies may fall.
Hearts have no birthdays, after all.

Rôti



The Roast



A Daughter of Little Hungary

LITTLE HUNGARY AND THE BOULEVARD

There was a time when Little Hungary at the Cafe Liberty and the Boulevard were interesting, but that was before they became show places. Notoriety kills the true Bohemian atmosphere. It is when things are primitive and natural and sweet that the spirit of Bohemia satisfies.

In the old days, when the Cafe Liberty did not mean unnecessary liberties, and when dinner was served down in the long aisles between the vats, and your wine was siphoned out of a bung-hole with a rubber tube, and when each party had the particular attention of the chef, then it was worth while. Even the orchestra, which did so much for the Boulevard, has moved up-town now, and holds forth at the Cafe des Ambassadeurs. The President's visit to Little Hungary was a boom for it, of course, but it has changed from the

genuine Bohemia to the artificial. The moment you try to make a place Bohemian you are pretty sure to make it common. Both these places have become wholesale suppliers of the cheap table d'hote, with the Hungarian wines that made them famous now manufactured on the premises, if the statements of some of those high in authority are to be believed.

It used to take two or three hours to properly attend to the menu. Now you can rush through in half an hour, thanks to the mechanical improvements in the way of dish-washing machines, automatic knife polishers, and extra waiters. Then, too, the novelty has worn off. To the visitor from Kalamazoo it is still noisy enough and bustling enough to satisfy. Some people love to wait and fight and clamour for a table, and are jubilant for a whole evening if a half-dollar tip secures it ten minutes sooner than it would have come naturally.

But here, as elsewhere, the right spirit often asserts itself and good-fellowship reigns

supreme. Adjoining tables get sociable and finally unite around one table to get better acquainted. The sour wines and ghostly soup, the thin slabs of thin fish, the spaghetti and the Parmesan cheese of Bohemia, are all there, so of course it must be Bohemia.



THE BACHELOR TAX

Are not the laws of life sufficiently unjust?
Or must all bachelors join an anti-nuptial trust?

Because they fail to wed, ye call their morals lax,
And at each level head the spinsters aim a tax.

In other words, the girl, whose charms begin to fade,
First, takes her little whirl, then sniffles to be paid.

For, if the tax comes in, collected by the state,
Of course it will go out to girls without a mate.

And, given bread and meat and one new dress a season,

IN BOHEMIA

What girl would wed at all, for that's the
usual reason?

Why, bachelors are taxed. Each Tiffany wed-
ding-card,
That gluts his morning mail, not only hits him
hard
For ladles, jugs, and lamps, cream-pitchers,
silver spoons,
But kills his faith in friends, when lovers act
like loons.

He's taxed by Mrs. Smith, who bids him to her
tea.
He's taxed by Mr. Smith, who strikes him for
a "V."
He's taxed by Mrs. Brown, whose overtures
perplex,
He's taxed by Mr. Brown, who needs a tran-
sient "X."
He's taxed by Mrs. Jones, who has two buxom
girls,
And crams them down his throat, until his
reason whirls.

He's taxed by husbands gay, who come to him
and cry:
"I said I was with you. Will you back up the
lie?"
He's taxed at dinner-time, with partners that
don't suit,
Two hours of senseless gush, then, carriage
hire to boot.
And other trifling things, not quite worth while
to note,
When valets tax him with the powder on his
coat.
No! Let the bachelor dream his vision celi-
bate,
The aftermath of joy will catch him, soon or
late.

And when, rotund and rich, white-haired and
getting old,
At last, he finds the bud, just ready to be sold,
Then comes the tax supreme, with many a
bitter hurt,
He stays at home with gout and growls,
"How she can flirt!"

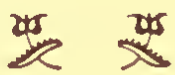
SLUMMING

Slumming usually means paying a price to see others do things you wouldn't do yourself for the world, and which perhaps they wouldn't do except for the price you pay. It is probably a perverted curiosity, but it has been done since the world began, and will be done until we all stand on the ragged headlands of the eternal future reading the story of our lives with too much light from the lurid flames. But why anticipate?

Just where to draw the line at sightseeing is a difficult problem. Often, with the healthiest intent, we find the undercrust of life very brown, and again, with malice aforethought, we seek the unusual and come home with a lesson learned of patience, industry, or resignation. The involuntary resident of the slums is blameless, and therefore should be free from prying eyes, and the voluntary resident

is sure to prepare a fake which does not show you the "low life" which you are seeking. Some of the boys of sixty-eight or thereabouts slum regularly. They have to sow wild oats regularly to reap the harvest when going on tears. Others slum at home. Whether the experiences of slumming expeditions accentuate optimism by contrast is a moot point. If it creates a desire for frequent repetition, it may prove that pessimism is contagious.

You may take your choice, but in one case, at least, you "pays your money," and plenty of it.



A man is known by the company he keeps — especially a theatrical manager.



A soft answer turneth away wrath — unless the wrath is about money.



Champagne

Champagne! Champagne!
The peasant girls' im-
prisoned laughter,
So they say.

Champagne! Champagne!
But what about the
morning after,
And all next day?



The Night Before



The Morning After

BOHEMIANISM AT MADISON SQUARE

At intervals Bohemianism becomes epidemic in the vicinity of Madison Square. The beautiful tower is ablaze with lights which show the chaste Diana in her scanty garb at the top, but underneath are goddesses of the genus Venus, almost as scantily clothed, but different, very different in disposition from the cold Diana. The chilly and virtuous hunter of the stag personified at the top of the tower is eclipsed by the painted and bedizened hunters of the wine-openers on the floors below.

The Arion Ball is the most pretentious of these Bohemian epidemics, for the expense incurred in the matter of allegorical floats makes a good excuse for the attendance of many who would not dream of attending the ball of the French Students, or the Circle de Harmonie, or the Ball of the French Cooks,

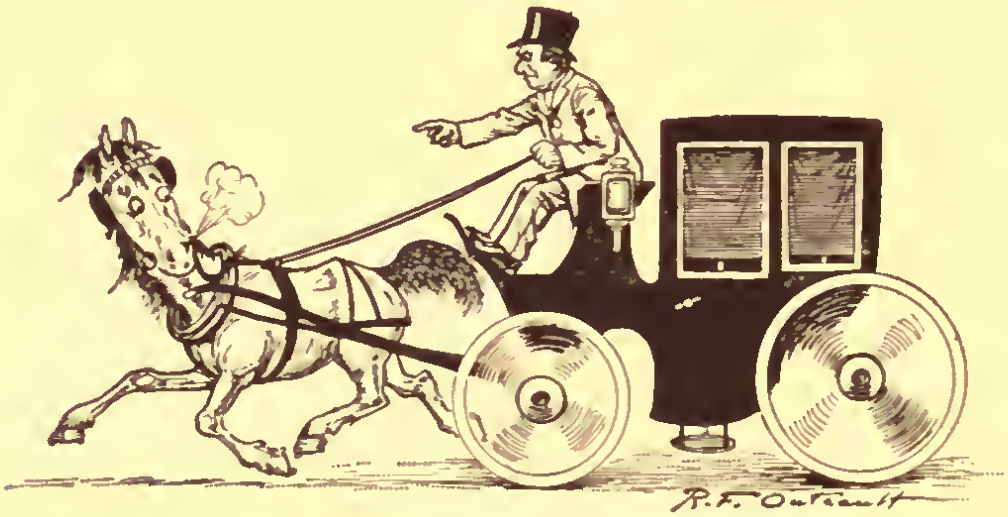
and might even draw the line at the Patriarch's Ball.

On the massive floats at the Arion Ball, hundreds of women are betighted in silk, and hundreds more are betighted in the boxes, but this does not become apparent until after the so-called respectable element has departed somewhere near midnight. To the uninitiated eye there is something eminently respectable about the motherly lady of broad dimensions, in a pink or black domino, vigorously chaperoned by a sable Ethiope in the back of the box, and around her, clucking vigorously, you will find a brood of (shall we say?) little chicks in all their guileless innocence, not always waiting for formal introductions before indulging in ad libitum conversations with generous strangers. The scene on the floor of the garden is a surging crowd throwing paper rolls and confetti into the air, but not always into the air, for much of it is carried away from the place in quarters not absolutely unapproachable through the misapplied energy of hilarious visitors. The sight on

the floor, however, is not as intense as some of the sights to be seen in the wine-room, where corks are popping and glasses are sizzing and tongues growing thicker with each succeeding round of what they call the imprisoned laughter of the peasant girls of France. And even the scenes in the wine-room are occasionally discounted by some of the happenings in the shadows of some of the upper boxes. A casual stroll along some of the corridors, where the box doors have been left open by chance or design, becomes a sort of vivid biograph.

At just what hour Bohemianism steps out and Revelry steps in, it would be difficult to state, each box party often being a law unto itself. In the old days, before the district attorney insisted upon complimentary tickets for the police, the flash of silk tights has been seen tripping the entire length of the building on the dress-coated shoulders of enthusiastic revellers, but the wild spirit of old King Carnival has given way in recent years to the more sophoric charms of Bacchus. There are many

good Bohemians who would sniff disdainfully at the after midnight performance at some of these balls, and there are others who would consider it an unpardonable sin to leave the place before daybreak. Even in mighty Wall Street on the day after these prodigious affairs, there is apt to be a twinkle in the eye of business men as they meet, and omitted cigars and overlooked luncheons are the order of the day, while "A little absinthe, please," bespeaks a shortage in recuperative powers. Some get the habit and go to them all, but they die early and die poor.



"Mind your own business!"

A TOAST TO THE MAN'S MAN

Ah! drink if you will to the handsome man,
O'er the proud athlete undaunted,
And toast him too, the husband true,
Whose faith has long been vaunted,
And drink to the strong and manly man,
But lift your glasses higher,
When the toasts ring out, in a merry shout,
For the man that men admire.

Aye! drink to the loyal, faithful man,
Who will fight for the right for ever,
Who will strive for his friends, till the old world ends,
With a firm and strong endeavour.
Drink long and deep, with a royal toast,
Ne'er writ by a poet's pen,
Drink night and day, if his friends all say
He is loved by his fellow men.

And drink if you will to the man who stands
 With the stars and stripes above him
In the battle strife, and gives his life
 While the men of the nation love him,
And drink to the man who proudly stands,
 While the lesser men get mellow,
Till the rafters ring as they rise and sing,
 To the health of a jolly good fellow.



THEY MET IN THE RAIN

She was as dainty as dainty could be
And the size of her boot was less than three.
The wind was blowing, and so, you see,
 It was hard to make her way.
Her skirts were buffeted, here and there.
Her hat was askew, but she didn't care.
Her cheeks were aglow. She was mightily fair,
 In spite of the rainy day.

He was as lonesome as lonesome could be
And he held his umbrella quite carelessly,
Down over his head, and he couldn't foresee
 The collision ahead that day.
A shriek and an "Oh!" — an embarrassed pair,
In the pelting rain, and, standing there,
He stammered: "I'm sorry, but we can share
 Our lot, on a rainy day."

And he grew as happy as happy could be,
As he noted the boots that were less than three,
As well as the face that was fair to see,
And their chatter was blithe and gay.
The old umbrella is worn threadbare,
But the children, rushing to school, don't dare
To take it away from its corner there,
No matter how rainy the day.

Every gay dog has his — date.

Marriage is one fool — encouraging the foolishness of another.

Actions speak louder than words — but look out for the echo.

Gibier



A Little Gamey



One of the Many

LA VIE PARISIENNE

There are as many grades and shades of Bohemianism in Paris as there are colours in the solar spectrum.

La Boheme, both the opera and the book, reflect faithfully the Bohemia of the work-a-day world, where a play accepted at the Comedie Francaise meant opportunity to borrow rather than direct revenue, or a picture on the line meant free meals for a season.

In the Quartier Latin, you will find very respectable Bohemian ladies of sixteen to forty-eight, who pinch and economize and work overhours to gain the sustenance necessary to live in the atmosphere of art for art's sake. Respectable matrons, who copy the masters ancient and modern for a pittance, rub elbows with befurbelowed grisettes and

cocottes at table d'hotes that quite satisfy for a franc or two.

Typical Bohemia gathers at the Cafe de Paris after the theatre, and the beauties you have seen at the Moulin Rouge or the Marigny are there sipping their wines and smoking their cigarettes, while intense Frenchmen devour them with amorous eyes, forgetful of the rest of the world.

Then there is d'Armenoville and Madrid and the Cascade in the Bois where Bohemia becomes a pageant and where the lily-like beauties acquire the coleur de rose and plan for the more intense Bohemia of later hours.

No one will refuse to admit that slumming in Paris leaves a bad taste in the mouth.

The demi-monde of Paris impresses you with the idea that it will be anything, say anything, do anything you wish for a few francs. There are no limitations and no restrictions. And yet there is a side to the Bohemianism of Paris which conveys the idea that there is more deviltry in the atmosphere than real wickedness. Things that would shock and dis-

gust anywhere except in Paris, are looked upon as naturally in a so-called legitimate line of business, and must be seen and paid for only in that spirit.

But for every bit of irregularity which may or may not jar upon your senses, Paris offers something attractive and clean and artistic and delightful as compensation.

But Paris is certainly feverish. The people themselves are hot-headed and impulsive, and strangers absorb the same tendency in a few days. There is so much to be seen and so many things to be done that you jump from fiacre to hansom and hansom to brougham until you are dizzy.

Comparing the Bohemian life of London, New York, and Paris, you must add exclamation points to make it American and a lot more to make it Parisienne, with a goodly number of interrogation marks for contemplation when the fever leaves you.

THE FIVE SENSES

A Toast

With the sense of sight, I greet you,
In the wine-cup's sparkling glow.
With the sense of hearing meet you,
As we clink our glasses — so.

With the sense of touch, I hail you,
In a score of little sips;
With the sense of smell regale you,
As it lingers on your lips.

With the sense of taste I toast you,
As delight steals on apace,
And the lack of a friend is the ghost you
Shall feel you may never face.

THE WAYS OF THE MANICURE MAID

Many of the manicure parlours have developed into cosy corners, half-concealed and half-revealed, where hands can be held professionally and otherwise, and where

Toes may telegraph
To toes that speak again.

If you listen, which you wouldn't, you might catch little bits of this kind:

"Have you heard — ?"

"That reminds me."

"Yes, I heard it."

"You mustn't do that in business hours."

"Better make it half-past."

"I'll telephone if I can get out."

"I certainly shouldn't go just for the fun of it. Life's too short."

It's a dangerous business, this manicuring,

from whichever side of the cushion you consider it. The bowl of tinted water is a non-conductor part of the time but the magnetic currents get started much more rapidly when

Fingers slim in strong palms trembling

invite a deeper interest in the home life of her who must have some few little sorrows to confide.

His home life is very apt to be unsatisfying, too, and woman, especially young woman, is equipped with a sympathetic heart for a man whose home life is unsatisfying. She could make it all so different. And likely enough she does.

Man is not made of wood, and manicure maids are almost as temperamental as actresses. Some of them combine the two professions.

If I were a wife, and had to send away the masseuse or the manicure, I'd send away the manicure. She is more subtle, and the spell is more lasting.

Demi-tasse



About half the truth



The Cashier at Macari's

THE CASHIER AT MACARI'S

Had you asked him why he dined so frequently at Macari's, he would have answered: "I don't know. I suppose the service suits me."

And yet the service was not exceptional. There were nicks on the edges of the plates and the rims of the cups and saucers were chipped in many places.

He always tipped his waiter but never permitted him to pay his check and bring him the change.

The cashier was not a pretty woman, but she had that something which, for lack of a better expression, is called "interesting." She seemed to have been accustomed to attendance rather than to attending, and her softly spoken "Thank you," bespoke refinement and a magnetic personality. Courtney's bow of acknowledgment was courteous and devoid of patronage. For more than a year this had continued, and the regular routine had been

varied only by an occasional "Good evening," when she was not preoccupied with her duties at the desk.

For a week or so, Courtney had noticed that the flush of colour in her cheeks had gone, and dark circles under her eyes suggested lack of sleep. He stole an occasional glimpse at her from his seat at a corner table, and pictured her sitting at the bedside of some invalid relative or friend, and she somehow felt that his thoughts were of her, even though his gaze was turned aside when she glanced in his direction.

A sudden pallor brought him to his feet, as she clutched at the side of the desk, to save herself from falling.

He sprang forward to save her, but too late. Limp and lifeless she had fallen to the floor and a little stream of blood trickled across her forehead where she had struck the corner of the desk. Courtney emptied a glass of water on his handkerchief and laid it gently across the closed eyes.

A carriage was called, and she was lifted

into it. The handkerchief remained upon her forehead.

The next day she was not in her accustomed place. He asked if she were ill. No one knew.

When they had unfastened her white linen collar, some one had handed to Courtney the little brooch which she had worn at her throat, and unconsciously he had kept it in his hand as the carriage was driven away. At the hospital the clerk brusquely informed Courtney that the patient had gone away the morning after being brought there, and had left no address save that of the restaurant.

At the restaurant he was told that her prepossessing appearance had been her recommendation and her faithful service at the desk had sufficed to keep for her a position which she had filled so acceptably. They had known her address when she came there, but she had moved recently and no one knew the new one.

And so it happened that Courtney began to feel that better coffee was served elsewhere, and his circumstances being somewhat improved, he also felt that he need not econo-

mize as rigidly as heretofore, and an a la carte dinner began to appeal to him more than the table d'hote.

Macari's was not entirely abandoned, for he still had the brooch which must be returned. He wondered if she were keeping his handkerchief, hoping to thank him as she returned it, but Macari's knew her no more, and at last he ceased to dine there in the vague hope that they might have heard something from her.

In one of the most luxuriant offices in the Syndicate Building sat the president of several railroads and the prime mover in the most skilfully conducted consolidation scheme of the century, in the person of William Courtney, who had climbed the ladder of fortune in half the time usually allotted even to those who not only attain but deserve success. A rap on the door of the private office roused him from a dream of recollection. He was back at Macari's, a struggler again. He was a struggler now. He would be, until he died, but now he was struggling for others; strug-

gling to give to the many the luxuries he had longed for when even the necessities were not easy of attainment.

The boy at the door handed him a card. He flicked his cigar from the window, and said: "Show the lady in."

Timidly, though not nervously, a woman of some twenty-eight years stepped to the desk and handed him an envelope.

Courtney rose and drew a chair forward as he read aloud:

"My dear Courtney: — If the wear and tear of sentiment should ever assail that heart of yours, you would turn to me for sonnets to the lady's eyebrow. Stocks and bonds are as familiar to you as metre and rhyming lines to me. Do me a favour, then, and tell Miss Van Dyne if these stocks, which have been in her trunk for years, are worth the paper they are printed on."

One glance sufficed to bring Courtney to his feet. "Miss Van Dyne," — the man of wealth and position spoke as eagerly as a schoolboy who has won his first prize —

"Miss Van Dyne, you hold in complete possession here the key to one of the most important combinations which has ever baffled the plutocrats of Wall Street. These stocks represent the missing link in a chain which will make you as rich as you could choose to be. For months we have sought in vain for the holder of these certificates. We had traced them to a young lady who was once a cashier at Macari's. They were transferred to her by a distant relative. The accrued dividends and interest make it a matter of a few hours' work with your scissors to own a railroad or build a town, if you should so wish."

The young woman had started forward, and, as he finished, she gasped, breathlessly: "Is it really, really true?"

She almost staggered forward, grasping as she did so the corner of Courtney's desk. Something in the movement brought back another such spasmodic grasp in the long ago. Something in the pallor of her face and expression of her eyes brought back as by a lightning flash that evening at Macari's.

For an instant no word was spoken. Across the stretch of years the threads of memory were knitting together into the warp and woof of recollection.

Then Courtney, turning to a little drawer in his desk, took out the little brooch.

"See," he said. "It has been my talisman. At first I carried it with me, simply in the hope of meeting you, that I might return it, but as weeks and months flew by, and as success after success crowned my efforts, and disappointment attended the few times when it was not with me, I grew superstitious, until no transaction of importance has taken place in my business career unless this little brooch was within reach of my hand; but now—" and he held it between his thumb and finger as though to drop it in her hand.

Placing both hands behind her, Miss Van Dyne said slowly:

"And if it has proven such a blessing to you, or even if it has only seemed to do so, do you think I could take it away?"

"But you must," said Courtney. "I feel

certain that good fortune can only follow whomsoever holds it rightfully."

"You hold it rightfully," persisted the young woman. "In a little box at home, I have a handkerchief which has been awaiting its owner. It was a fair exchange."

"There will be a meeting of directors in this office to-morrow, Miss Van Dyne. You or your representative should be here. If I may represent you in this matter and if you will be guided by me in the disposal of this property, the talisman will have brought all the good fortune a mortal man could hope for. Under these circumstances you will not surely fly in the face of the good luck which has come to you."

That night the delivery wagon of a prominent florist stopped in front of Miss Van Dyne's hotel, and from the stems of a score of American Beauties dangled a little box containing an inexpensive little brooch.

Next day a box was delivered by a messenger boy at the office in the Syndicate Building,

and in the box was a handkerchief, a power of attorney, and an inexpensive little brooch.

Three months later the chimes of Grace Church pealed out the harmonies which told to those who heard, that wedding-bells were ringing, and, as the bride stepped from her carriage, a careful observer might have seen at her throat an inexpensive little brooch.





THE REAL THING

There are only four hundred real iron pots,
That float in the stream of style,

And some of those pots,
They are pretty tough lots,
Though they float with a satisfied smile.

If, gifted like Homer or Solomon wise,
You're bidden to breakfast or lunch,
"Entertainer!" you hear;—
"Very bright!" for your ear;—
But, my! You don't mix with the bunch.

And woe to the pot that is made out of clay,
Who dares to join in with the throng,
If the book that is blue
Doesn't recognize you,
You will float — I don't think — very long.

But how do they get to be real iron pots?
It's a sort of inherited taint,
And a carload of "coosh,"
Without some one to push,
Wouldn't let in a canonized saint.

In fact, I don't think the old saints, if they could,
Would care to mix up with these pots.

Brass, China, and Delf,
On the old kitchen shelf,
Have a happier time of it — lots.

And the four hundred pots, in the social swim,
Many thanks to paint, powder, and pride,
May look like a dream,
As they float down the stream,
But they're horribly battered, inside.





UN PETIT SALON

Within a hundred miles of the Times building, on Sunday nights, if you are of the elect,

you may find an evening of Bohemian enjoyment where well-known actors, musicians, playwrights, composers, and writers, gather about the strong personality of the hostess.

There is no set programme. Those who can entertain do so at the right time for best effect, and wit, wine, and salad fill in the gaps. Some of the men are playing in leading attractions of the stage and have made pronounced hits. There is a handsome young fellow standing in the corner who has been the leading attraction in three big productions during the last year, and he has made good. Near him stands a man of whose performances everybody, including the critics, says, "Wonderful!"

That young gentleman, who might be a Columbia freshman, can sit down at the piano and hold you spellbound for an hour. And the man talking to him has made as many hits at song-writing as there are months in the year just past.

The two ladies just crossing the room are successful stars, and absolutely deserving of

success, for they are broad-minded, generous, and bright to a degree.

I happen to know that a pronounced hit was made by a member of the cast in the play of the taller lady. Was she jealous and did she say, "If you please, I am the star of this play"?

Not a bit of it. She went to the actress who had done so much toward the success of the play and said:

"If there is anything I can do to make your part still stronger, tell me, and I will do it." That is the spirit that would soon give New York better plays on Broadway and the by-paths.

Some of the ladies present have had, and have now, a past. But how easy it is to overlook that if they show in their well-groomed personalities that they also have a future. We virtuous twentieth-century hypocrites shake a warning index finger at them with a reproving smile, but one day they marry millionaires, and then what becomes of the index finger? It's the same girl with the same

sweet personality. Marriage does play ink eraser to a multitude of little blots on the 'scutcheon, doesn't it? And how easily we overlook the fact that a reigning queen of song or a bright light in the dramatic firmament hasn't the time to marry her sweetheart. Household cares are supposed to dull temperamental brilliancy, and we gladly excuse anything for the extra brilliance.

I imagine those salons of the Louis' were really no brighter than this right here, only time has lent a glamour, and political intrigue gave more importance to them.

In those old days, the grande dames wrote their memoirs and were proud of them. Nowadays, they relive them and take them as a matter of course.

After all, it is the same spirit pervading the atmosphere. The same sly whispers excite fond hopes. The same magnetic touches of finger-tips reshape careers, the same soulful looks drift into the eyes for the same causes, and the same complications ensue.

The Prodigal Son and some of the Louis'

and Henry the Eighth and Aaron Burr were all a little too Bohemian in their history-making episodes, but were they any different or any more important than the daily happenings at our elbows? Sufficient unto the day is the excitement thereof.



You never miss the waiter till your throat gets dry.



It is more blessed to give than to receive — a black eye.



A stitch in time saves — embarrassment.

WITH THE PUNCH

Roman Punch! Historic brew.
Even Cæsar tried a few.
When his race in life was run,
After Brutus gave him one,
He protested he et tu.

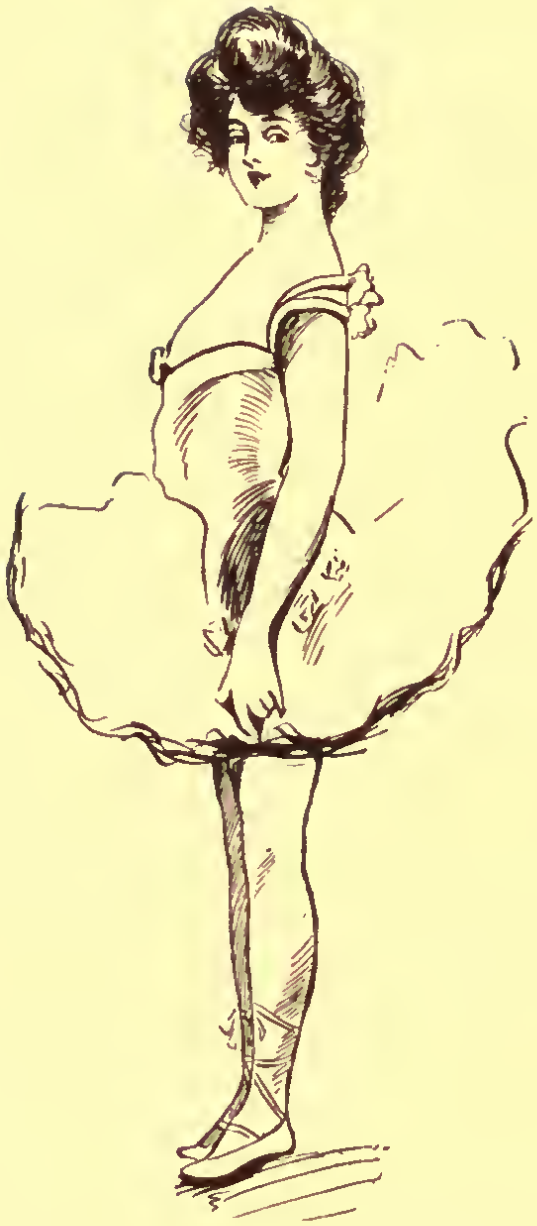
DEAR LITTLE DUTCH

He met the sweet maid and addressed her with
"Sie"
In his distant, respectful Teutonic,
Too deeply in love to imagine that she
Preferred pronouns not quite so platonic.

So she daintily, guilelessly let fall a "Du,"
'Twas a plan that she thought he'd be won
by,
It was certainly proper and scriptural too,
To "Du" just as she would be done by.

Nuts and Raisins





A Touch of the Bohemian

CAFÉ DES AMBASSADEURS

Just at this writing the Cafe des Ambassadeurs is the Cafe de Paris of New York, with the modifications that chilly New York naturally places on Bohemianism as compared with the do-as-you-like atmosphere of Paris.

If the monde and the demi-monde draw the lines of contact between circumferences a little more loosely, and if the cigarette were as prevalent as some of the ladies could wish it, you would have to engage a table a week ahead.

Even as it is, you must be on good terms with the captain to have your table kept for you a minute after seven o'clock for dinner, while for supper the lines are drawn even more tightly.

There is an outside cafe that commands a view of the inside room, in case you get into town late and don't care to don evening dress.

The chef is a marvel, and the service prompt and courteous. The proprietor, well known through his catering in Boston and his acquisition of the Arena, gives his personal supervision to this new, bright, breezy, and enjoyable place. The orchestra which has delighted for so long at the Boulevard is here, and if possible the music and the choice of selections is better than ever.

It is not Bohemia, but it has a touch of the Bohemian. You are at loss to explain why. There are evenings when Bohemianism is in the air and seems eager to assert itself. Foreigners are surprised that the cigarettes are tabooed for ladies, for they seem to belong with the demi-tasse at supper, even if not quite possible at the dinner hour.

THE BRAT

Maw sez thet I'm a awful brat
 An' jes' a frackshus kid.
Paw sez I scarcely got no sense
 An' almos' allus did.
An' all this fuss is jes' bekuz
 I never tell no lies,
But speak right out an' then they jes'
 Lick me fer exercise.

Dear me! What can be the matter?
Mother sez I talk too much an' father says
 I chatter.
What's a little gurrl to say, excep' w'at's in
 her head?
Upon my word, I hope to die. I wish 'at
 I was dead!

One day, maw took me to a show;
 I guess 'twas Union Square,

An' who paw took, I didn' know,
 But she had yello' hair.
An' I sez: "Ain't she purrty, maw?
 Why don't they sit with us?
What makes her purrtier than you?"
 Thet made a awful fuss.
I wrote to paw frum Buzzard's Bay,
 Thet maw wuz much admired
An' stayed up nights till ha'f pas' two,
 She mus' be awful tired!
When we come back to town in fall,
 Paw scowled an' sed he guess't
Nex' summer thet maw wouldn' need
 A powerful lot o' rest.

One day the minister, he called,
 An' maw talked jes' like that!
The same as when she's coaxin' paw
 Fer money fer a hat.
An' kitty scratched me an' I sez,
"Oh, damn it!" jes' like that.
Maw licked me till I couldn' see
 An' gave away my cat.

IN BOHEMIA

Some folks they has gymnasiums
 To make their muscles strong,
But paw an' maw has only me,
 I shan't las' very long.
An' when I'm jes' a angel child,
 A-floatin' in the skies,
I'm wonderin' what they're goin' to do
 Fer reg'lar exercise.



THE STROLLERS

Millionaire Bohemians are always interesting, and at the Strollers' Club, John Jacob Astor becomes "Jack" regardless of his millions, and Schwab, the magnate, is "Charlie," —and they like it.

To speak of the president of the Strollers as Robert Sands, Esq., would seem like artificial dignity, for to the world in general and the club in particular, he is "Bob."

In his Pooh Bah personality at the club, he is the centre pole around which revolves the four hundred of society, hand in hand with the art world of Bohemia, in a merry-go-round as unique as it is delightful, and the moment he affixes his "O. K." to a proposed function, the word "Success" may be written on the programme in advance.

Whether it be an opera, where Jack Golden's tuneful numbers set the feet that are accus-

tomed to cotillions keeping syncopated time, or an Italian fete, where the stars of the opera season are thicker than bees around the garden, or whether it is a Cafe Chantant, where Marie Tempest or May Irwin or Archie Gunn or Dick Outcault come out from the audience and do a stunt, which they would have refused to do at a price, the Bohemianism is there, thanks to the forethought of the power that is rather than the powers that be.

At times, a somewhat formal function will start the evening's merriment, and Prince Fushimi and his staff from the Orient will exchange toasts with Lieutenant-Commander Peary, just returned from beyond the Arctic Circle. Governor Odell lifts his glass in the genial atmosphere of the time and place and says:

"I have followed the Star of Bethlehem to my sorrow," and he looks at Charlie Schwab across the table. Then he continues:

"But let the dead past bury its dead," and they both smile and make up a quarrel of years' standing. It is the Bohemian touch that does

it. A cosy little dinner to Mucha, the king of the art world, in the grill-room down-stairs is sure to be pregnant with good-fellowship. At no place does society meet Bohemia on such intimate terms as at the Strollers. The broadest minds of one meet the brightest minds of the other, and both are satisfied. Brains and millions are weighed in the same scales under the hospitable roof. You may be Harry Black with the Flat-iron Building in your breast pocket, or you may be a humble stroller, posted for non-payment of your house account, but if you have made good it is, "Hello, old chap!" and not "How do you do, sir!" at the Strollers.



INJURED INNOCENCE

To Her (indignant)

Oh! Very well! If you distrust,
I leave you, though my heart should break.

We will acknowledge, since we must,
 That all has been a grave mistake.

I burned my bridges, when we met,
 Life now, for me, begins anew.
Sometime, perchance, you will regret
 The words that drove me far from you.

How much of tenderness I gave,
 How much of faithfulness and trust,
It matters not, but o'er its grave,
 We'll sing the requiem, since we must.

To Himself (delighted)

By Jove! It was a lucky thing
 She waded into me that way,
It gave me just the opening
 That I have longed for, many a day.

Tobacco



A Little Cloudy



They Twinkle

THE PLEIADES

The Pleiades Club was organized to promote and foster and exploit the spirit of Bohemianism. The supper or dinner is not elaborate, but furnishes the legitimate excuse for gathering together congenial souls who can listen well, and those who, in case of need, can mount the platform and entertain.

It is only natural that now and then an evening should drag. It is impossible for professional managers to strike a bull's-eye every time. There is, therefore, plenty of excuse for those who give their time and energy simply out of their loyalty to the club if an occasional Sunday night falls below concert pitch.

The motto of the old Edenia Club prevails: "Talk to your neighbour." The necessity for formal introduction is waived, and I have never seen it outraged. The list of guests in-

vited is supposed to contain none that would be unwilling to know each other. The club had its birth in old Maria's on Twelfth Street in the days of the early nineties, when only a few clever authors and wits had found the place and claimed it for their own. The club does not pretend to offer a vaudeville entertainment, and some who attend in that expectation go away better satisfied than if they had found what they came for. After the coffee, a song or a speech or a story is the idea, though the violin or the cello or the saxophone and the ever faithful piano have done yeoman service in the ten years of the club's existence. It is intended to be a play place for all those who make the world laugh or think, and also for those who appreciate. There is a guest of honour each week, and the notables of the world have taken their turns in being entertained.

MY PIPE

Aye! Bring my pipe, that fills the air with clouds,
Wherein my hopes and aims take shape and size,
Where joyous thoughts are born in gladdening crowds,
And restful calm broods o'er my drowsy eyes,
And let the fragrant weed's narcotic power
Soothe every sorrow from my mind away
While dreams Arcadian, with their subtle sway,
Remove all burdens, for one blissful hour.
Let fleecy, film-like clouds around me roll,
And lift to starry heights my weary soul.

Oh! Glorious gift! Relief of o'erworked minds,
What wonder thou art ever held most dear,

The soul, in rapture deep, thy presence binds,
As softest music soothes the listening ear,
The flattering touch of thy ambrosial breath
Brings sweetest slumber and divine repose.
Across each sense, the cooling incense flows,
Alluring care, unwitting to its death,
'Tis thine to give relief from labours long
And hear thy praise, in joyous bursts of song.

As, on the beach, the shifting, restless sands
Are left serene and smooth when tides retire,
So ruffling cares and life's austere demands,
Beneath thy subtle waves of smoke expire,
Soft melodies sink deeply in the heart.
The spreading landscape glads the gazer's eye.
Old wines a thousand comforts may supply,
And roses rare their sweet perfume impart,
But granting all the charms they hold for me,
My soul gives thanks and shares them all, with thee.

Cordials



Benedictine and Curacao,
Brandy, Kummel, or green Chartreuse,
What does it matter, for now you know,
The feast is over, so what's the use?



Out of Bohemia

CAFÉ DES BEAUX ARTS

Before the Cafe des Beaux Arts had a crystal canopy to protect its guests en route to and from their private equipages, you dropped into a basement in quite Bohemian fashion. You joined in the chorus of popular airs, and you didn't dream of ordering champagne.

Then dainty little souvenirs began to appear and the ladies of a party were sent home delighted with some trifling novelty. Such is the Queendom of woman. She will drag a three hundred dollar gown in the dust and dirt rather than lose her grip on a twenty-five cent novelty, which she throws away next day.

The chef was ingenious and the cuisine was good, and New York began to find it out so fast that a noble staircase was built leading to the floor above, where the overflow is cared for. It is very like the French cafes in its

atmosphere, and very satisfying from many points of view.

To many it is Bohemia. To others it is only Bohemian, while others find only touches of Bohemianism here and there. There is a distinction in the different grades. Once on a time it was considered almost slumming to go to the Chat Noir for dinner. The Cafe des Beaux Arts did not begin in that way, however. It started with cream, fine linen, and waiters who re-cover your table at once when wine is spilled.

It is a good idea, too, for Bohemia needn't reek to radiate comfort and contentment.



The game isn't worth the — scandal.



Evil communications construct bad — mannerisms.

A TOAST TO TO-NIGHT

If need be, we'll wait for the break of the morn
To toast our to-morrow, as soon as it's born,
But while we are waiting, there's no time to think,
Except when we're thinking what next we will drink.
To-day we were happy. To-night we are glad.
To-morrow may bring us a cause to be sad.
So drink and be joyful. Imagine our plight
If Time found us toasting to-morrow to-night.

THE BOWERY OF DAMASCUS

Damascus, in Asia Minor, is perhaps the oldest city in the world, and yet I could have imagined that the Bowery was just outside the smoky, oil-lamp-lighted hall with its little stage, where women of all nations did the dances of their country.

Inside, the character of the patronage proved that it was not the Bowery.

The red fez, which is worn continuously, gives an air of liveliness to every gathering. You do not remove your fez, even in the presence of the Sultan. I say "your" fez advisedly, for you would be astonished to see how easily Americans adapt themselves to the custom and wear a fez in the Orient.

"One of the boys" at the hotel suggests a little slumming, and you imagine you are going to see something very wicked. Through a long, ill-smelling corridor you find your

way to the still dirtier hall, and women dance in the ugly ankle-length dress, or with a train, for there is a strict law in Syria against short skirts. To be sure, the very full-chested ladies try to atone for the length below by the brevity above, but the twinkling feet of American and French dancers put these clumsy, large-footed women to shame. But there is hidden meaning to some of their motions, for while you think the whole thing is very tame there is suddenly a storm of appreciation, shown by grunts and hisses that would scare an American actor off the stage. After each dance, the betinselled lady, in her cheap silk or still cheaper woollen dress, passes through the audience with a tin cup for gratuities, and, according to the hit she has made, the cup fills rapidly or slowly, but it fills, for she stands by with great pleading eyes, like those of a stalled ox, until you drop a coin, no matter how small, into the cup.

It is after twelve o'clock when you leave. You have stayed on and on in the belief that as it grew later the fun would wax more

furious, as it does in America, but the last is like unto the first and you have wasted an evening, except for the fact that you have learned something of the customs of the country.

Of course there are private exhibitions, managed, no doubt, by Europeans, to delight the tourist at a price, but they are not open to the public at a fixed rate of admission as this place was. When you leave, a self-conscious feeling of shamefacedness comes over you for having tried to be wicked and found nothing more suggestive than a prayer-meeting.



JAMAIS! TOUT LA VIE

Upon zee street, I chance to meet
 Un tres grande cavalier.
He teep hees hat to me like zat
 An' say to me: "My dear,
Eet seem to be zat you an' me,
 We travel zee same way.
Don't take zee car! Eet ees too far.
 Attendez vous! Coupe!"

(With great indignation)

"Jamais! Jamais!" I queeckly say,
 "Zat weel not do for me.
 Coupes for us are dangerous,
 Oh! Jamais! tout la vie!
 Zat weel not do, my dear M'sieu!
 W'at can you teenk of me?
 Nevare! Nevare! I would not dare.
 Oh! Jamais! tout la vie!"

Zen he say, "Please!" An' try to tease.
 Zat charmant zhentleman.
He catch my eye an' say: "Please try
 Forgeeve me, eef you can."
He spik to me so pleasantlee,
 I step in zee coupe.
Zee feerst I know, away we go,
 An' zen I haf to say:

(With less indignation)

"Jamais! Jamais!" I haf to say.
 "Zis weel not do for me.
 Coupes for us are dangerous,
 Oh! Jamais! tout la vie!
 Zis weel not do, my dear M'sieu,
 W'at can you teenk of me?
 Nevare! Nevare! I would not dare!
 Oh! Jamais! tout la vie!"

A girl reseest w'en she is keest,
 At least, a leetle w'ile;

IN BOHEMIA

She cannot stan' zee zhentleman,
 Oo 'as zee lofely smile.
So, w'en he tell to me: "Ma'mselle,
 I keep you from all harms."
I tremble so I do not know
 He hold me een hees arms.

(With no indignation)

"Jamais! Jamais!" I softly say.
 "Zis weel not do for me.
 Coupes for us are dangerous,
 Oh! Jamais! tout la vie!
 Zis weel not do, my dear M'sieu,
 W'at can you teenk of me?"
 He say: "Ma'mselle, I weel not tell.
 Oh! Jamais! tout la vie!"

THE LAST BOHEMIAN

"The gnarled oak shall end its growing;
The swirling stream shall stop its flowing;
The winds of Heaven shall cease their blowing;
When chaos comes again."

For the foibles of fashion have passed away,
And palaces prone in dust,
By their carven, crumbling fragments say
That the March of Time is just.
My cloven hoof and my hair-clad form
Lead back to the Mark of the Beast;
But one thing lives, for my heart is warm,
For the nymph who shares my feast.

I found in a broken, corpseless tomb,
A record of splendours past;
Where the words of men foretold their doom,
But of men, I am the last.

IN BOHEMIA

Whence came the earth, no man has known;
 Whence goes it, none shall say;
Its pomp has flown. What need of a throne
 For the king who pipes this lay:

"The gnarled oak shall end its growing;
The swirling stream shall stop its flowing;
The winds of Heaven shall cease their blowing;
 When chaos comes again."



"For the foibles of fashion have passed away"

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IN BOHEMIA



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BOHEMIA





